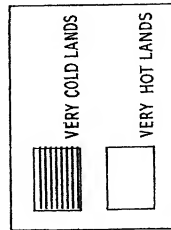


The map displays the world's continents and oceans. Key features include:

- Continents:** Asia, Europe, Africa, North America, and South America.
- Oceans:** Pacific, Atlantic, Indian, and Antarctic.
- Major Cities and Regions:** London, New York, Sydney, Hong Kong, Canton, India, Arabia, Sahara, Canada, United States, South America, Bolivia, and the Great Lakes.
- Geographical Features:** The Equator, Tropic of Cancer, Rocky Mountains, Andes, and the Panama Canal.
- Legend:** Hatched areas represent 'VERY COLD LANDS' and white areas represent 'VERY HOT LANDS'.



AROUND OUR WORLD, BOOK ONE

THE
WORLD'S CHILDREN

AROUND OUR WORLD

Approach Book—**Children of Britain**

Book I. The World's Children

Book III. The World's Highways

Book II. The World's Goods

Book IV. The Homelands

AROUND OUR WORLD, BOOK I

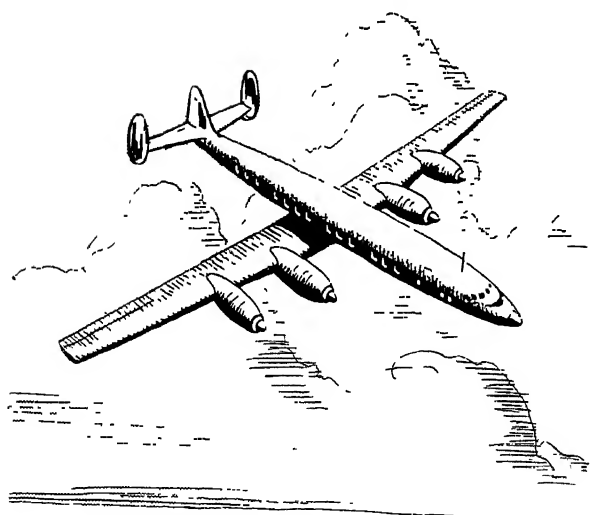
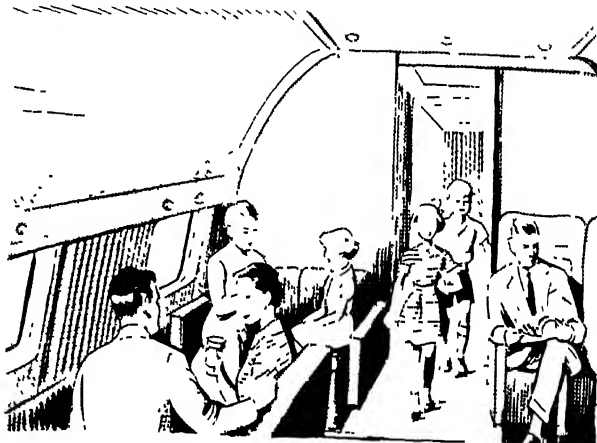
THE
WORLD'S CHILDREN

by

MARIE BAYNE

W. & R. CHAMBERS, LTD.

11 THISTLE STREET, EDINBURGH, 2: 6 DEAN ST., LONDON, W.1



SHALL WE FLY TO SEE THE WORLD'S CHILDREN?
In what other ways could we travel?

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(Lands that are neither very hot nor very cold)

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CHILDREN OF THE TEMPERATE LANDS



I. THE DUTCH TWINS

Betje¹ and Jan² are twins. *We* call them Betty and John. Their home is in Holland.

This country, like our own, is neither very hot nor very cold.

The coast of Holland is low-lying—lower than most of the British Isles, although there is one part of eastern England that is very like Holland.

¹ Bet-yi.

² Yan.



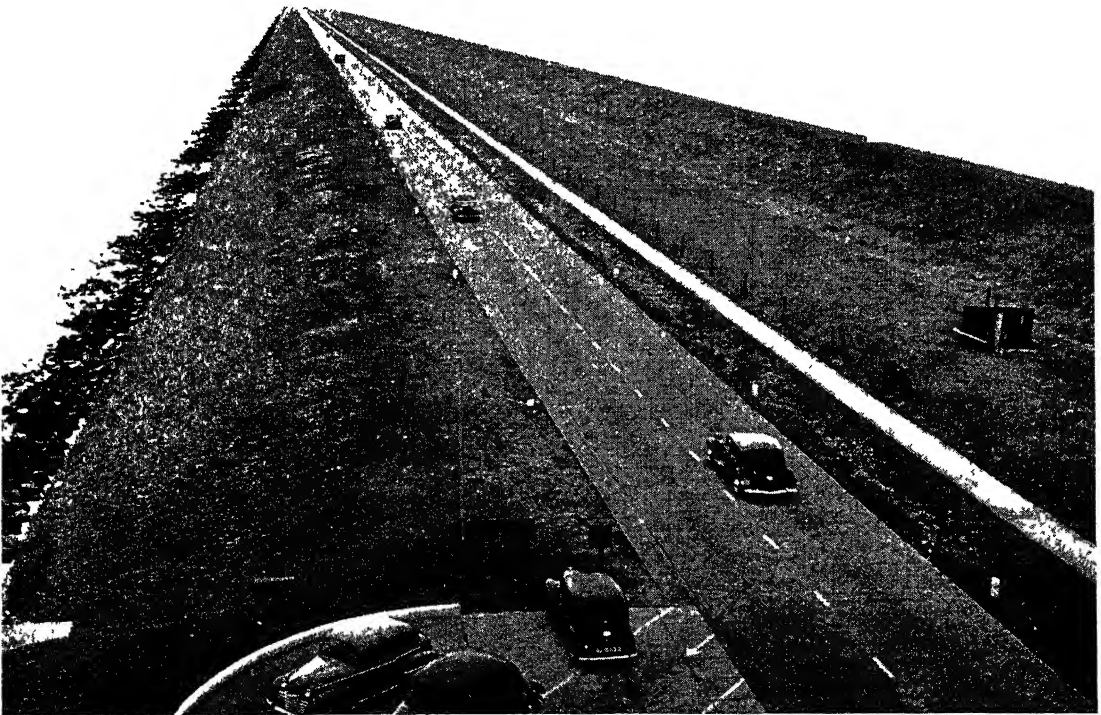
EN A

Big rivers flow through Holland into the sea. When they reach the coast, these rivers meet the strong tides of the ocean, and, in time of storm, they may be driven back. Then there is danger that they will overflow their banks, and flood the land. Often whole villages have been swept away by floods.

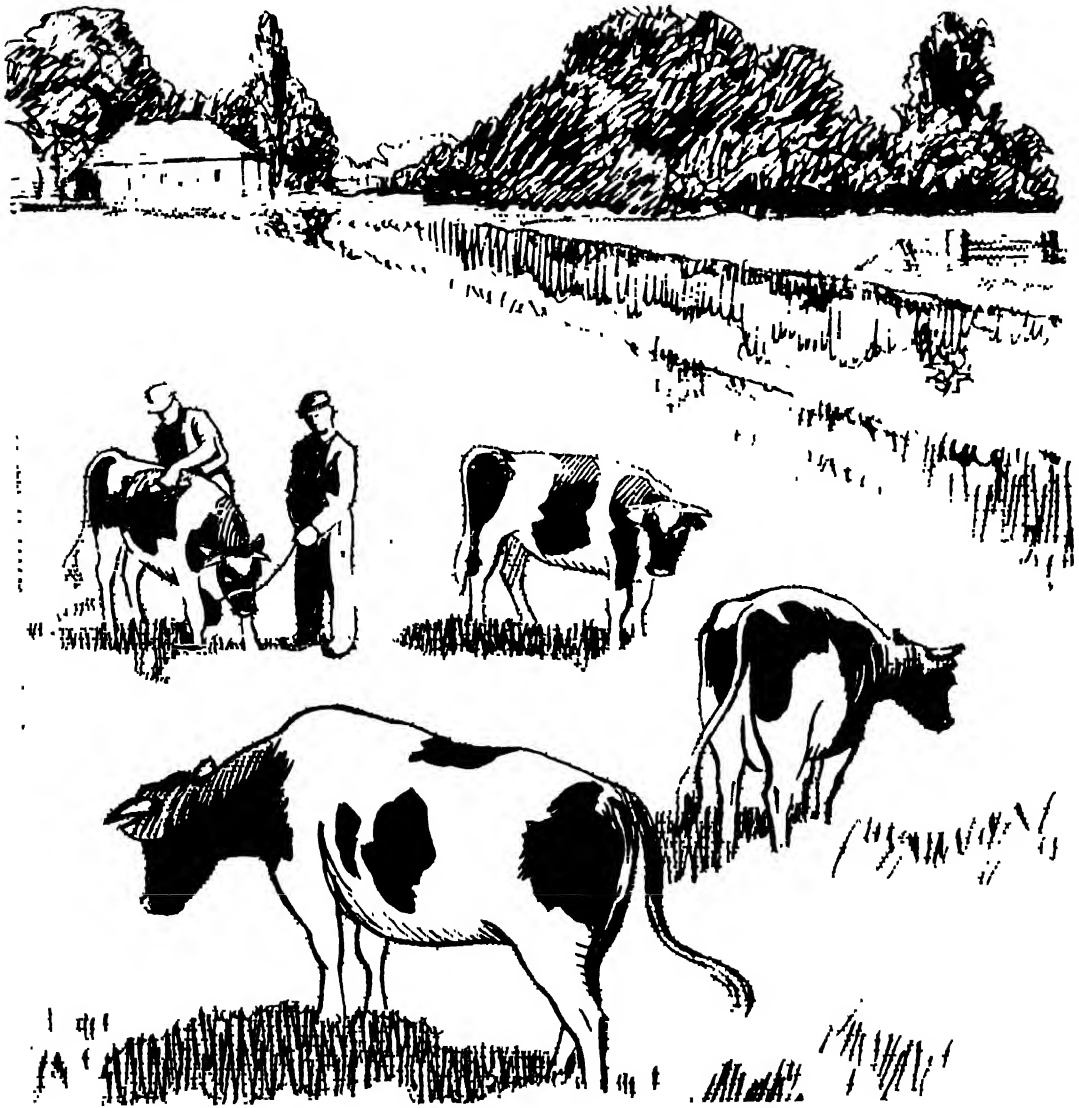
Flooding happens much less often now than it once did because the Dutch people have built strong "dykes" or walls to keep back the rivers and the ocean.

The dykes are so wide that they make quite good roads, and houses are even built on them.

In some places windmills may be seen turning their great arms in the breeze. These windmills pump the flood-water from the fields, and drain it into canals. But there are not so many windmills in Holland as there once were, since some of the pumps are now worked by electric power.



Courtesy Royal Netherlands Embassy



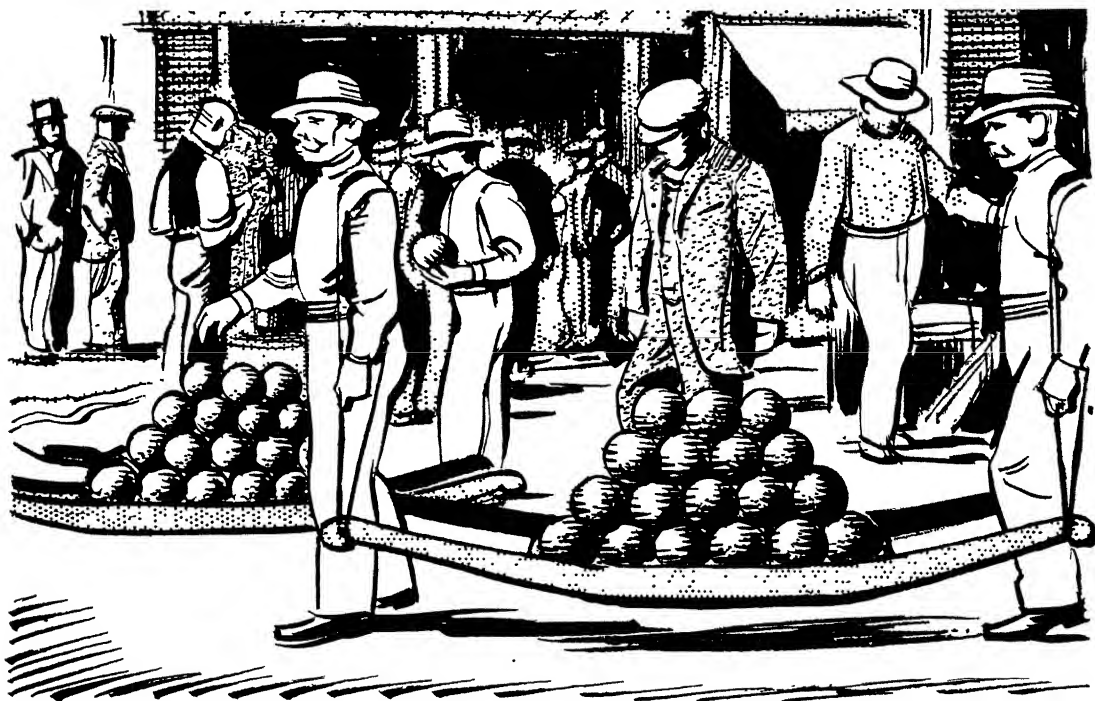
When it has been drained, the land grows first-rate crops. The Dutch farmer is famed for his hay and flax, his early cauliflowers and carrots.

He also keeps beautiful sleek black-and-white cattle, and makes fine butter and cheese.

We keep the same kind of cows in parts of Britain. If you live in the country, perhaps you know what the cattle are called.

Describe the cheeses in the picture, and find out what colour they are.

Two Dutch towns give their names to cheese. Perhaps you know these names or could ask your grocer to tell you what they are.



Betje and Jan do not live in the country, but in the town of Haarlem.¹ Near this town their father has a tulip farm.

The first things the twins can remember seeing are flowers—miles and miles of flowers, for their neighbours also have flower farms.

In spring their father's fields are gay with tulips—red, yellow, mauve, and striped. Other bulb-growers have fields of daffodils, whose sweet smell fills the air.

¹ Har-lem.





Holland has many canals, running like ribbons across the country.

Through the fields near Betje's and Jan's home a canal makes its way, crossed here and there by little bridges. Betje and Jan love to stand on one of the bridges and watch what is going on.

Sometimes the children see a boat on which a whole family lives. The father steers the boat, his son riding the horse which drags it along. While the mother cooks the dinner on the tiny stove, the children play hide-and-seek among the cargo.

What cargoes may the canal boat be carrying?



In winter, when the canal is frozen, Betje and Jan skate to school.

The frozen canal is like a busy street. There is a market-woman with a basket of dishes on her head. She has no fear of falling and breaking the dishes, but skates along quite smoothly.

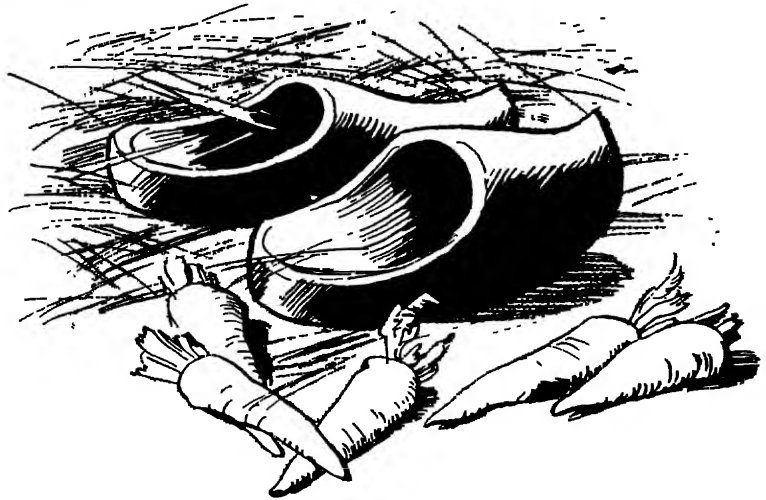
Here comes a girl with two babies in a pram. The pram has rollers instead of wheels.

Here is a fine sledge drawn by two horses. The horses have spikes in their shoes to keep them from slipping.

The 5th of December is an important day in Holland; it is the Feast of Saint Nicholas.

Saint Nicholas is the same as our Santa Claus. He is said to wear a red cloak, and to drive over the house-tops by night in a sledge drawn by white horses.

Before they go to bed, the twins put their sabots¹ (wooden shoes) by the stove. In the shoes they stuff some hay and carrots for Saint



¹ sab-oz.

Nicholas's horses. Then they call :

Saint Nicholas ! Saint Nicholas !

Put something in my boots,

Put something in my shoes !

Kind thanks, Saint Nicholas !

Next morning, when they wake,
the hay and the carrots are gone,
and in their place are lots of presents.

Perhaps some day you will go to
Holland, and be there on the Feast
of Saint Nicholas.





Courtesy Royal Netherlands Embassy

Have you ever had in your house anything that came from Holland?

Large stocks of Dutch cheese and butter and Dutch bulbs are sent to our country every year.

The picture shows the docks at the great Dutch port of Rotterdam.

THINGS TO DO.

1. Get as many picture-postcards and other pictures of Holland and of the Dutch people as you can.
2. Collect Dutch stamps.



2. AMERICAN SAL

Sal is a little American girl.

Her father is a farmer in Iowa,
a state in the north part of the
United States of America.

For part of the way, the great
river St. Lawrence divides the United
States from Canada. Canada is north
of the St. Lawrence river, and the
United States is south of it.

¹ I-o-wa.

The United States is a huge country with many sorts of climate in it. In Iowa it is cold and dry in winter, and warm and fairly dry in summer ; so it is just the place for growing maize and wheat.

Let us pay a visit to Sal's home on a fine morning just before 'the fall,' as autumn is called over there.

Sal has been up since five o'clock. She has gathered the eggs, and fetched corn from the corn-bin for the hens. She has been with her father to the hog-pen to see to the pigs.





Dad and Sal have fed the calves, and they have brought straw from the barn to the cowshed to make bedding for the cows. Now it is time for breakfast.

Her father, mother, and four brothers are seated at table.

‘Where is Sal?’ they all cry; and soon she comes running from the larder with a big jug of cream in her hand.

What do they have to eat? The meal begins with fruit—apples, grapes, pineapple, or peaches. Even in winter they can have as much fresh fruit as they want, for, when it is not ripe in the north, the trains bring it in cold storage vans from the south or west.

Then they may have porridge, coffee, bacon and egg, just as we might have; or perhaps beef-steak and onions, or cold veal or pork.

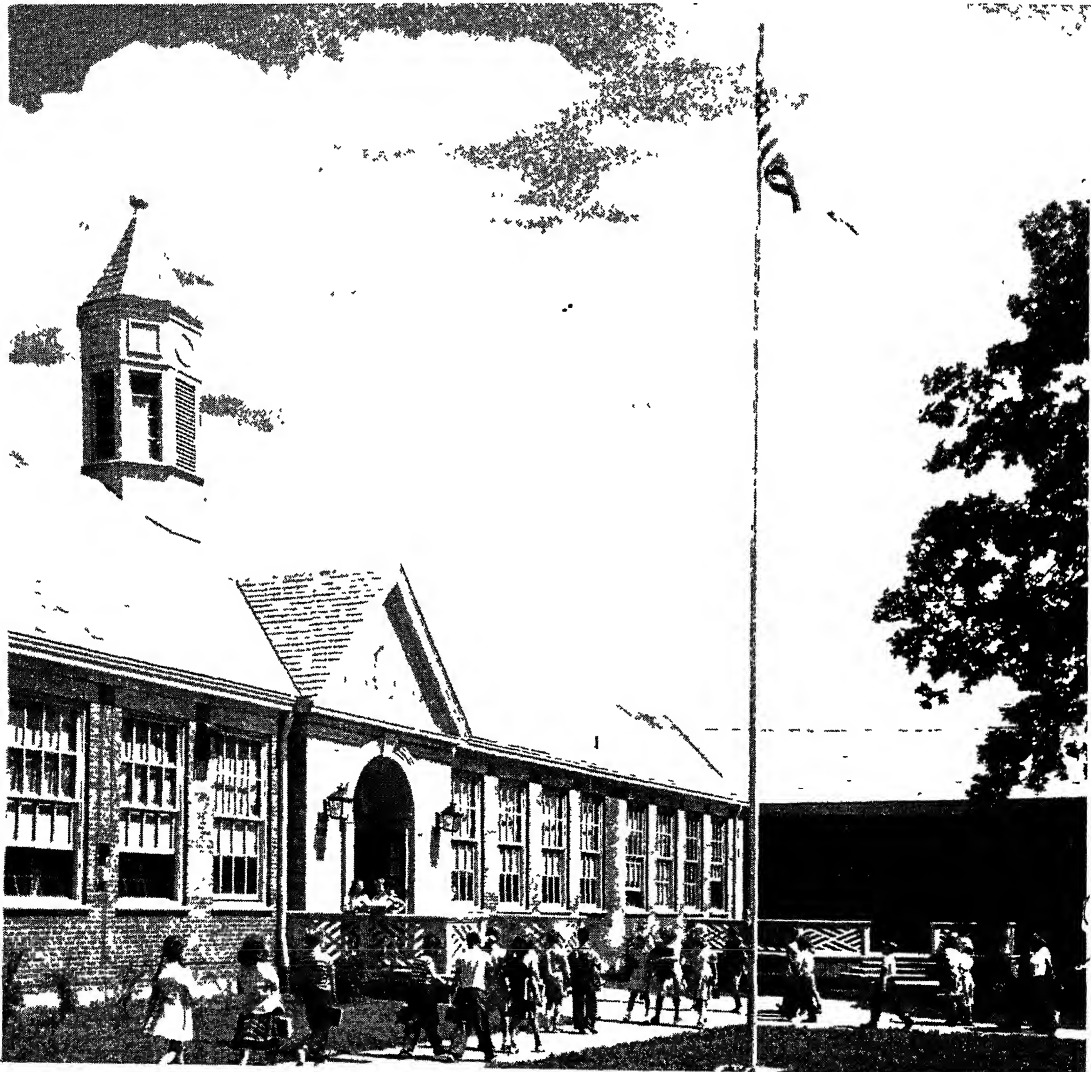
Sal has a very 'sweet tooth.' She may have a slice of pumpkin pie, or a chunk of maple sugar, made from the sweet sap of maple trees.



THE WORLD'S CHILDREN

After this fine breakfast the men go off to work, and, when her 'chores,' or tasks, are done, Sal goes to school.

Sal goes to one of the big schools in the nearest town.



Courtesy U.S.A. Information Service



Courtesy U S A Information Service

Sometimes her father drives her to school, but she always comes home by train.

Railway lines pass near almost every farm in Iowa, and there are wayside platforms where the farm produce is loaded on to the train, and carried swiftly away.

All over the country are broad motor roads, and every farmer has his car.

There are few hills in Iowa.

When Sal comes home in the evening, she sees her father and brothers at work in the fields. They are cutting down grain at the head of each furrow, to make room for the harvester, which will come in the morning.

The grain lands stretch as far as Sal can see. Her father has told her that the 'Great Corn Belt' stretches on and on almost to the Rocky Mountains.



Wheat

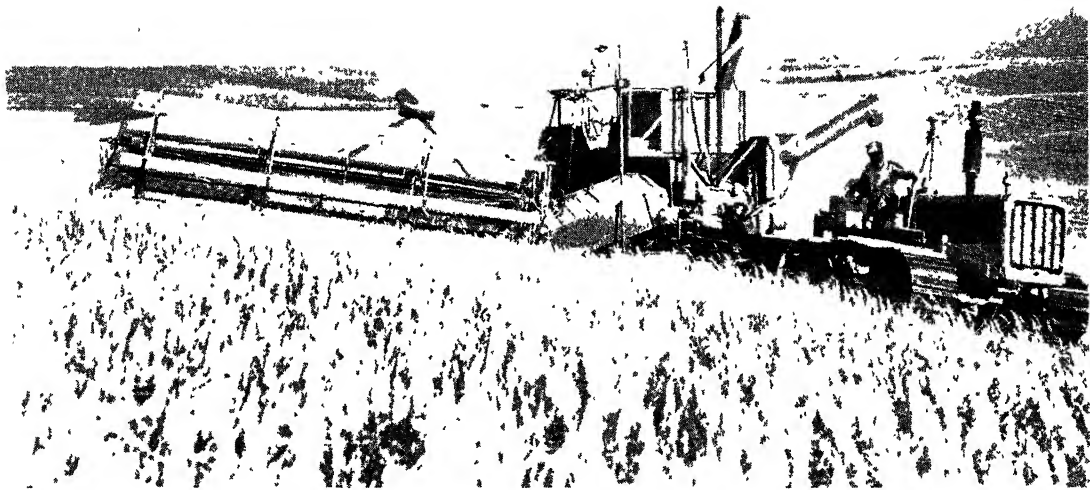
Next morning, there is much bustle at the farm.

Sal is wakened by the noise of the combine harvester, as it rumbles into the yard. She jumps out of bed to have a peep at it. What a big machine it is!

After breakfast, she runs to the nearest field to see the harvester at work. As it goes along it cuts the grain, and husks or threshes it then cleans the seed, and packs it into sacks.



Maize



Courtesy U.S.A. Information Service

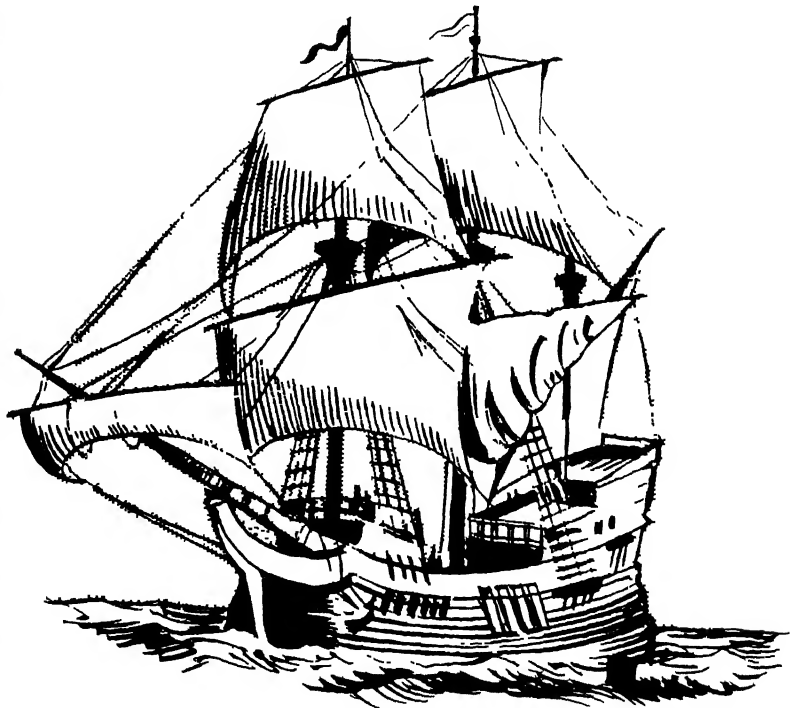
All that her father and brothers have to do is to pile the sacks of grain on wagons.

These are then taken to the railway siding, and loaded on to a train.



Sometimes the train takes the wheat to the Great Lakes. It is shipped through the Lakes and through canals to the St. Lawrence river, and then down the river to the coast.

Some of it may come across the sea to us, for we cannot grow enough wheat in our own country for all the bread we need.



After the harvest comes Thanksgiving Day. On Thanksgiving Day Sal and her father and mother go to church to give thanks for the harvest. So too do people all over America.

When the service is over, there is a great family festival. Grandmothers, grandfathers, uncles, aunts, fathers, mothers, and the children sit down together to a dinner.



What a grand feast it is! And it always includes turkey with cranberry sauce.



*Three Hundred Years
Ago*

Three hundred years ago, when the Pilgrim Fathers arrived from England in their ship, 'The Mayflower,' they had to endure a very cold winter and many died of starvation. But when spring came they found that wild fruits grew in plenty and there were fish and game to hunt, and so, after the first harvest, they held the first Thanksgiving Day.

When Thanksgiving Day is over the leaves of the maple tree have turned crimson. Soon they drop off, and winter sets in.

Sal does not work so hard in winter as in summer, but there is still much to do.



In past times, life on a farm in Iowa was very lonely in winter, when everyone was 'snowed up.' But now the people of one farmhouse can talk to those of another. Do you know how they can do this?

They have radio and television, too, which bring them news from all over the world.

THINGS TO DO

1. Get as many pictures of the great grain district of the United States of America and its people as you can.
2. Make coloured drawings of an ear of maize and an ear of wheat.



3. PIERRE FROM SWITZERLAND

Pierre's home is in Switzerland, a land of great snow-covered mountains. Pierre lives with his father and mother and sisters in a valley in the Alps.

When he steps out of the house he can see mountains towering up on every side of him.

"Hullo!" shouts Pierre. And back comes the distant echo, "Hullo!"

Pierre likes to yodel. He can sing many of the songs of his country.

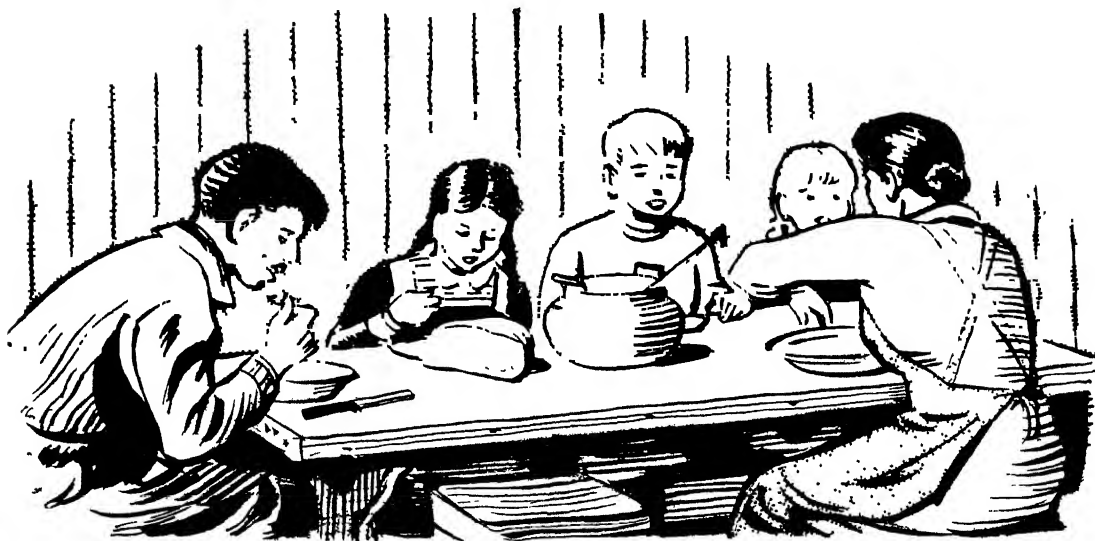


In the Uri Alps (Swiss National Tourist Office)

The house Pierre lives in is made of pinewood. It has a broad, overhanging roof to shelter it from storms.

Part of the building forms out-houses for the cattle, which have to be kept indoors all winter.

Indoors all is bright and cheerful. Pierre sees his father going in and out among the cattle. He sees his mother here, there, everywhere, baking rolls, feeding hens, packing butter or cheese. Often his sisters are busy with needlework.



At the fireside Pierre's uncle, a mountain guide, sits carving ornaments of wood. By-and-by, he will perhaps sell them to tourists.

Many people from other countries come to climb the high snowy mountains of Switzerland, and Pierre's uncle, who knows the mountains well, is one of those whose job it is to lead parties of climbers safely over the steep cliffs and deep gulleys.



Reed (Swiss National Tourist Office)



Grindelwald (Swiss National Tourist Office)

Many people come to Switzerland for skiing, tobogganing, and skating.

There are dangers in the beautiful snowy mountains of Switzerland. Sometimes, in the early spring, when Pierre and his family are sitting round the stove they hear a rumbling sound. Then they know that some of the snows are melting and are coming tumbling down the mountain sides.



When May comes, all is stir and bustle. The snow has melted from the lower passes and the grass is a bright green, and it is now time to drive the cattle to the higher pastures.

Everyone makes merry. In each village men, women and children gather to see the herdsmen set out. Little boys have cattle horns and are blowing them noisily. The cattle are decked with gay ribbons, and seem to take part in the fun.

The cattle wander up the vine-clad slopes, and on through deep pine forests, coming out in a sunny meadow spread with a carpet of flowers — pansies, harebells, blue forget-me-nots. Here other herds-men and cattle join them.

The cattle have been shut up for months and the keen air seems to excite them. Before long a battle is on foot. They want to settle which of them is to be queen of the herd for the season.

At length one animal wins the fight. A big bell is hung round her neck, and, after this, the other cows follow her quite meekly.





On the mountain side are rough wooden huts where Pierre's father and the other herdsmen live in summer. They milk the cows and goats two or three times a day. The milk is made into cheese.

As summer goes on and the snows melt, they push on higher and higher till they have passed beyond the tree-line.

Here there are only mosses, lichens,¹ and gay rock-roses to be seen, with the pale 'edelweiss'² that grows on certain steep hill-sides.

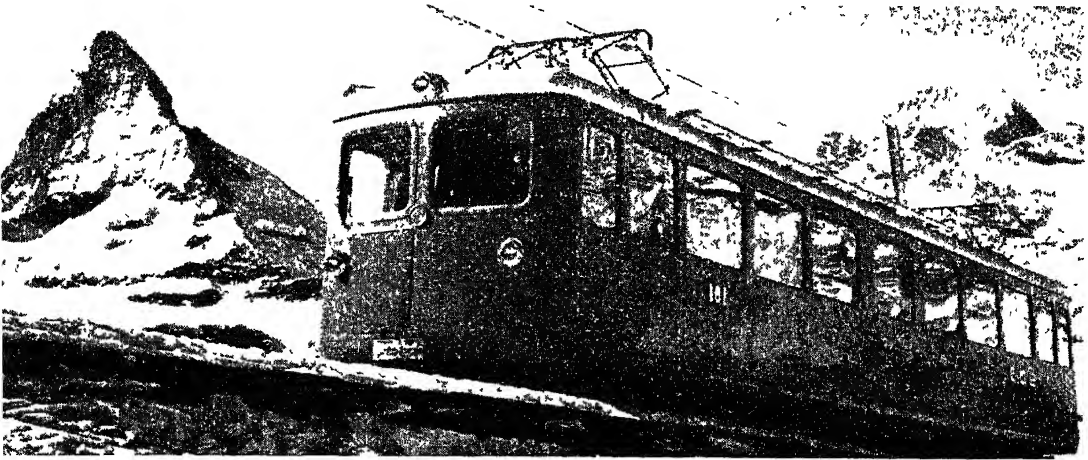


Pierre and his father know how much tourists like this little Swiss flower, and Pierre's father gathers some to sell to visitors.

¹ lie-kens.

² Ay-del-vise.

PIERRE FROM SWITZERLAND



Gornergrat Valais (Swiss National Tourist Office)

There are many hotels in Pierre's country for the visitors who come to climb the mountains, to take part in the winter sports, and to enjoy the beautiful scenery.

Pierre has often watched people from the hotels go off up the mountains on the steep electric railways which run almost to the top of some of the peaks.



*Railway from Zermatt to Gornergrat
(Swiss National Tourist Office)*

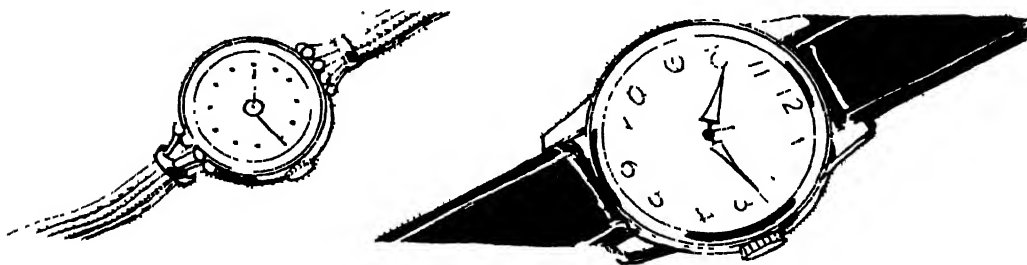
All over Switzerland there is plenty of electricity for lighting, heating, driving trains, and other purposes. It is made by means of the rivers and foaming waterfalls.



Some of Pierre's relations and friends work in hotels, or in the power stations where electricity is made, and one of his uncles carries on an interesting craft for which Switzerland has been well-known for a very long time. He is a watchmaker. Swiss watches are famous all over the world.

THINGS TO DO

1. Get as many pictures of Switzerland and the Swiss people as you can.
2. There are other things made in Switzerland that are not spoken about in this chapter. We see them in our shops. Can you mention any ?

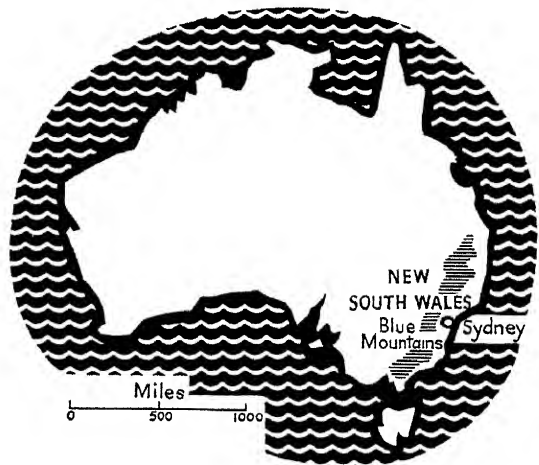




4. A YOUNG AUSTRALIAN

Billy is the son of a sheep farmer in Australia, in New South Wales.

If you look at a map, you will find that New South Wales is in the south-eastern part of Australia. Its seaport is the city of Sydney.





Courtesy New South Wales Government Office

Not far from Sydney is a range of hills known as the Blue Mountains.

The Blue Mountains form one of the beauty spots of Australia. Zig-zag railways carry people three thousand feet up. If they wish to go higher, they must walk.

Visitors see gum (or eucalyptus) trees decked in spring with white flowers, or, in open spaces, clumps of golden wattle blossom. They may hear the chatter of parrots and they may startle some kangaroos.

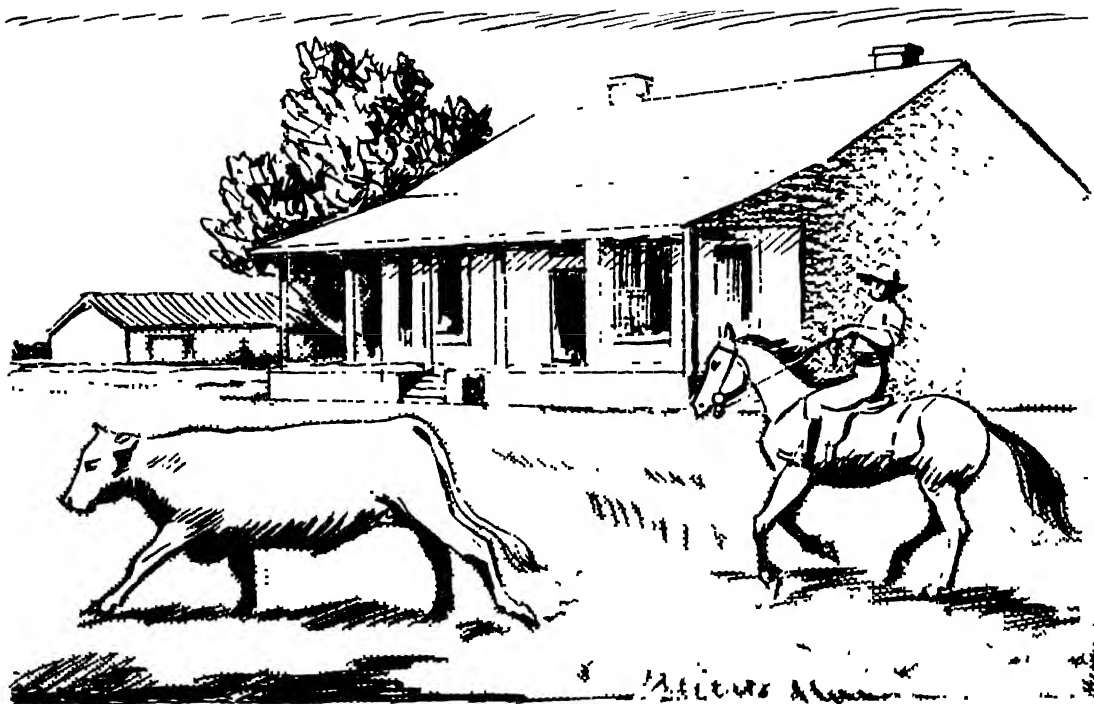
Perhaps they may see a baby kangaroo peeping out from a pocket on its mother's body.

A kangaroo has short front legs, but very long hind legs and a strong heavy tail. It bounds, with long leaps, over the ground at a great speed.

The Australian region has many animals not found in other parts of the world, and kangaroos are an example.



Courtesy Australian News and Information Bureau



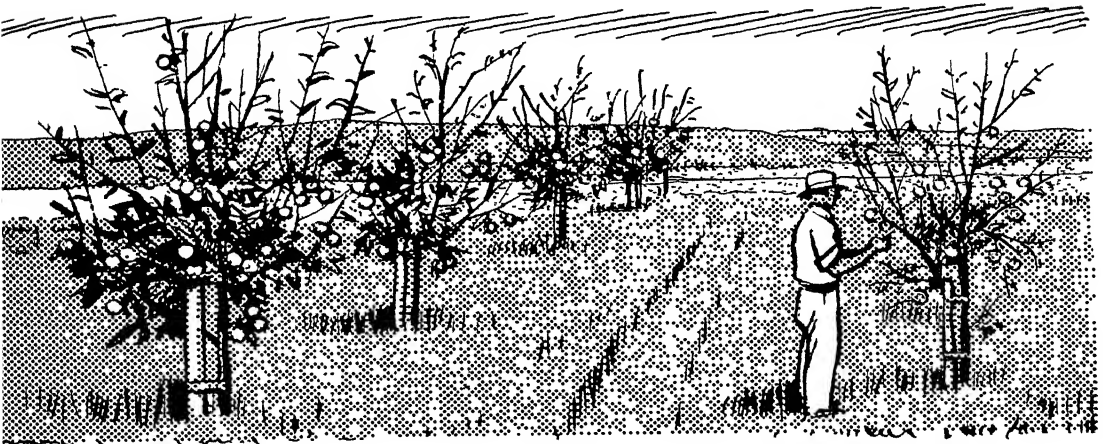
Billy has never been to Sydney, nor has he climbed the Blue Mountains. His home is far out on the wide, rolling grasslands upon which thousands of sheep are reared. It is said that one-sixth of all the world's sheep are to be found in Australia.

The farmhouse where Billy lives is large, and has a veranda to shade it from the sun. Behind are sheds and stables, and an orchard where apples and other fruits are grown.

The orchard was planted to please Billy's mother, who was born in England. She says it makes her feel more at home.

There are not many orchards on the grassy plains, so Billy's father is very proud of his. In other parts of Australia, however, much fruit is grown, and some of it is sent to this country.

Australia, you see, is on the other side of the globe from Great Britain. Summer there is winter here, and autumn there is spring with us. Therefore, when our supply of home apples is near an end, Australian apples are getting ripe, and we are glad to have ship-loads coming in.





Courtesy Australian News and Information Bureau

Billy's father is a sheep farmer. As the sheep-run is miles long and miles broad, you will guess there are no neighbours close at hand.

The nearest children live in the township forty miles off. No wonder that Billy felt lonely till his big chum came!

His chum's name is Jack. Jack is seventeen. He sailed from England a year ago, and landed at Sydney. His father wished him to learn sheep farming in Australia.

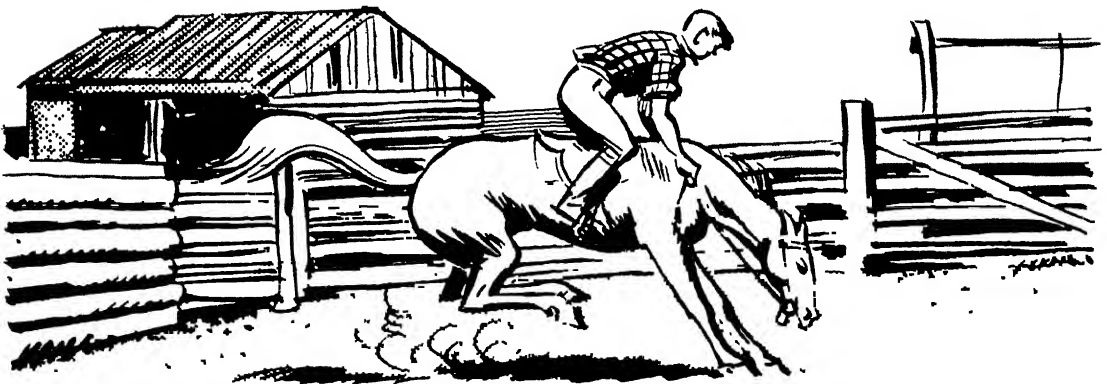
One of the first things Jack had to learn was how to ride a 'bucking' horse.

When such a horse first finds a newcomer on his back, he often tosses his head, gives a loud snort, and goes off like the wind, never resting till his rider is thrown.

Then he will begin to 'buck,' that is, to tuck his four legs together, arch his back like a cat in a rage, and jump about till he once more gets rid of his rider.

Again and again Jack found himself rolling on the grass, but in the end he made himself master.

It was now part of his work to ride to distant parts of the sheep-run to see that all was right.





The weather in Australia is sometimes very hot and rainless. Then the rivers dry up, and the sheep may die for want of water.

To prevent this, farmers are now boring deep down into the earth, sometimes half a mile down. There they often find great stores of water, which springs up of itself or is pumped to the top.

Billy's father has one of these wells, and, in a dry season, Jack and the other workers on the farm gather their flocks around it.

Jack and Billy like shearing time best of all.

The shearers go round from farm to farm, sleeping in huts till their work is done, then they move on to another sheep farm.

Billy loves to go with Jack to the shearing sheds. The sheep lie very still beneath the shearing machines, and their white coats are soon shorn off.





Courtesy Australian News and Information Bureau

By-and-by the wool will be packed in sacks, and taken in huge motor lorries to the railway, or to a river barge. Then the wool will be carried by train or boat to the coast, and shipped to other lands. Much of it comes to this country.

THINGS TO DO

1. Get as many pictures as you can of New South Wales and its people, and of the animals and plants found there.
2. Make a drawing of a kangaroo.



5. KINGS OF THE FOREST

Canada has great forests lying in broad bands across the country.

‘Big Jack’ is a ‘lumberman,’ or timber-worker of Western Canada. He has a wife and one son, who is called ‘Little Jack.’

Their home is in Vancouver city, a seaport on an inlet near the mouth of the Fraser river.

This part of North America is called British Columbia. It is shut off from the rest of Canada by the Rocky Mountains, and its shores are washed by the Pacific Ocean.

The mountains nearest to the coast are known by another name. Their slopes are clothed with thick forests, and in these forests Big Jack works.

Big Jack is the head of a gang of lumbermen, whose job it is to cut down the 'kings of the forest,' as he calls the great trees.





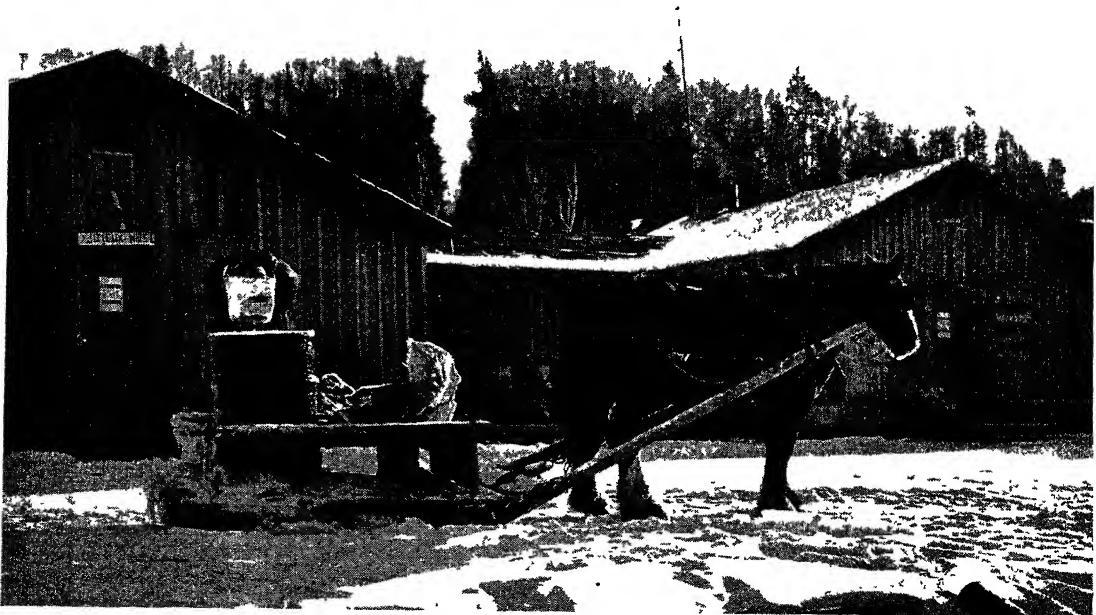
*Courtesy Information Office,
Canada House*

Chief of these are the Douglas fir and the red cedar, both of which grow to a great height. A Douglas fir has no branches till near the top, so its trunk can be sawn into long straight planks which bring a high price.

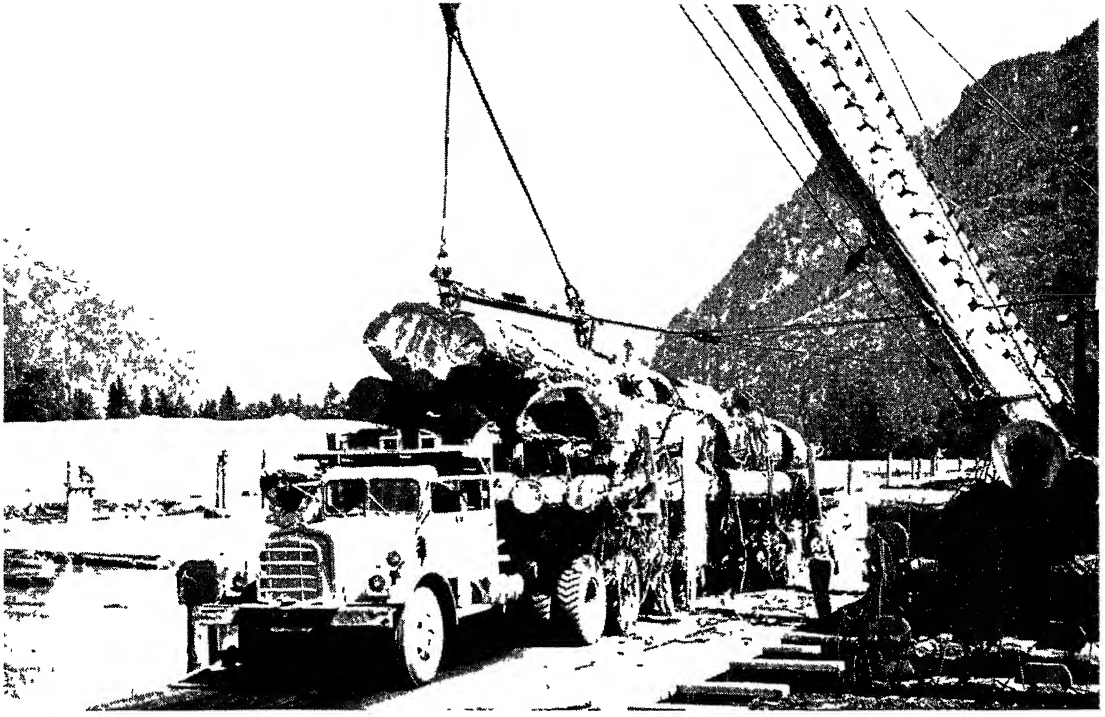
From red cedar-wood, the settler builds his house, and makes his tables, and chairs, and fences. When planed smooth, this wood takes on a beautiful polish.

The lumbermen of British Columbia go to work in autumn. They choose a camping ground in the forest, and there they cut down trees, and build log huts in which to live. The chinks in the wall are filled in with mud outside and with moss inside, to keep out the winter cold.

One man is camp cook. His task is to make good meals for the hungry men. They have brought their stores with them from the city, mostly meal, made from maize, or Indian corn, and tinned foods.



Courtesy Information Office, Canada House

*Courtesy Agent General for British Columbia*

The work of felling trees goes on right through the winter. In the picture logs are being loaded on a lorry, but the logs make as much as possible of the journey to the sawmill by water. In some parts of British Columbia the rivers freeze for many months, so that the timber cannot be floated down at once. It has to lie waiting until spring.

Then, one mild day, the ice gives a crack, first here, then there. It has begun to break up.



Courtesy Information Office, Canada House

Soon the brown water appears, and the great logs, swept by the stream, set out on their journey.

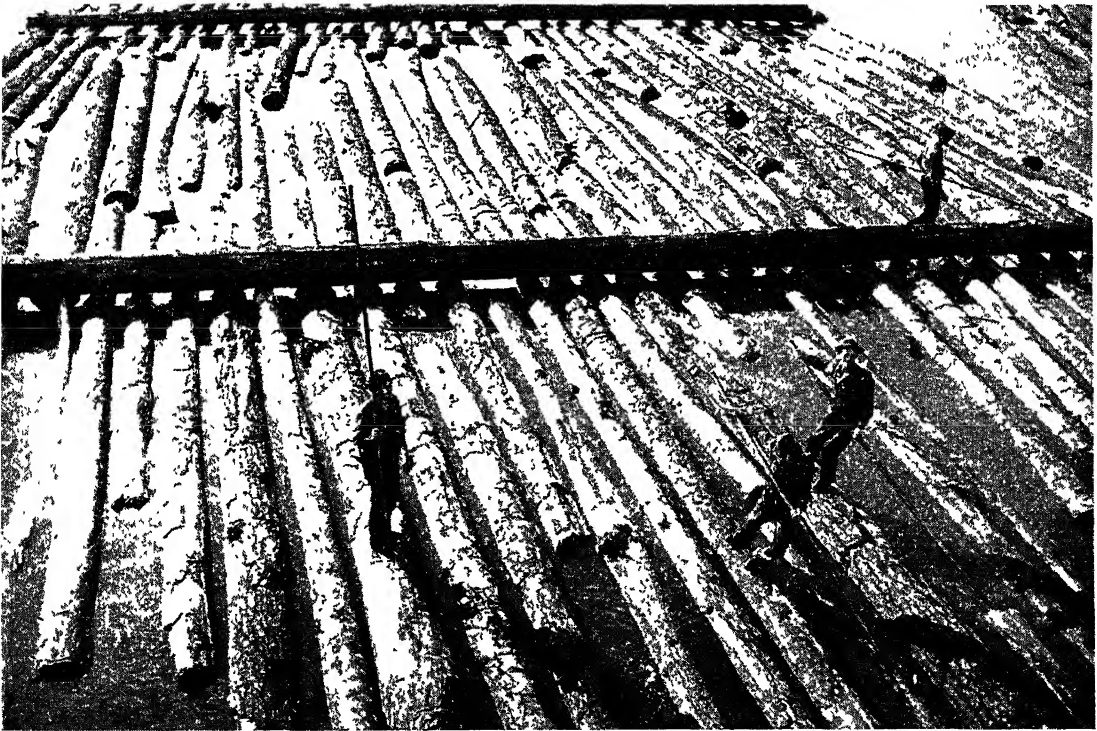
In the picture above, a little boat called a 'boom boat' is about to clear a passage to make ready for another load of logs.

As the logs go, lumbermen have to see that no 'jam' takes place. If a log is caught by a hidden rock, it holds the others back. When this happens, the captive log must be set free; so the brave lumbermen dash to the spot, leaping from

trunk to trunk till they reach the 'jam.'

They wear spiked boots to keep them from slipping, and each man carries a long iron hook with which to set free the captive log. This task is full of danger.

On goes the timber, now sailing quietly on a smooth stretch of water, now crashing headlong over the 'rapids,' till at length it reaches the sea.

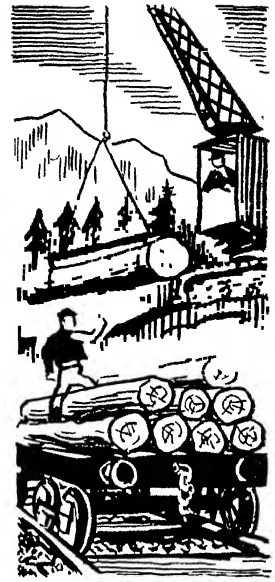


Courtesy Information Office, Canada House

Big Jack's timber does not come by river, but by rail. Sometimes Little Jack and his mother go down to the mill to watch one of Dad's timber trains arrive.

Little Jack loves to do this. Puff! puff! There it comes! Now it is at a standstill. The cranes lift each dead king of the forest from his carriage.

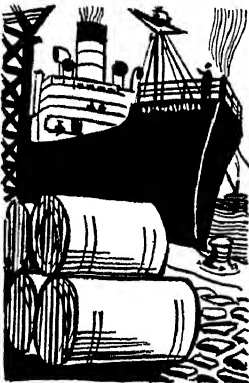
Little Jack knows that the tree will be sawn into planks, and shipped off in a great ocean steamer to some other part of the world.

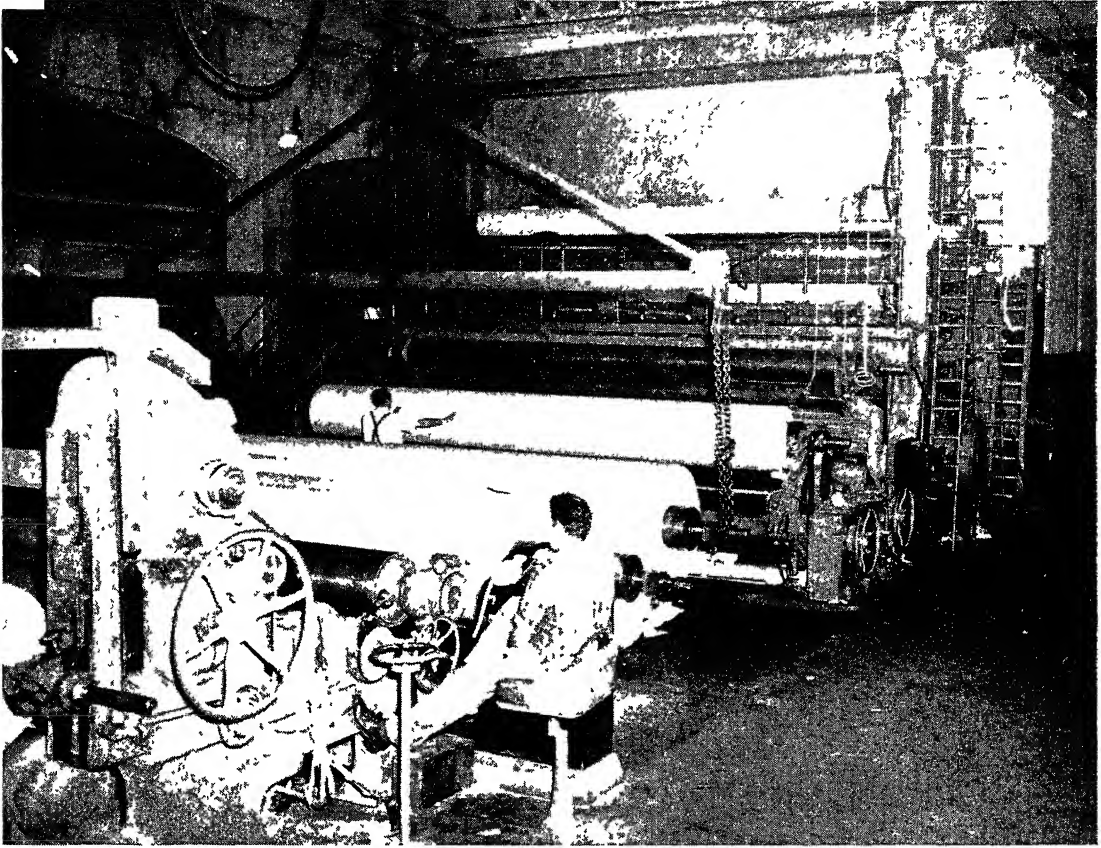


Other mills turn the wood they receive into pulp, from which paper and other things are made.

Canada sends to other lands a great deal of 'newsprint,' paper on which newspapers are printed.

The picture on the next page shows a high-speed newsprint machine, with huge rolls of paper.





Courtesy Agent General for British Columbia

When the lumber camp breaks up, Big Jack comes home with his pockets full of money. Then he buys toys for Little Jack, and a new dress for his wife.

This year she chose a frock of green 'rayon' silk.

'This rayon was made from the wood of one of my big trees,' said Dad proudly.



Courtesy Information Office, Canada House

Apple orchards are seen in many parts of British Columbia. The shelter of the mountains and the moist, warm air from the ocean make a first-rate climate for fruit.

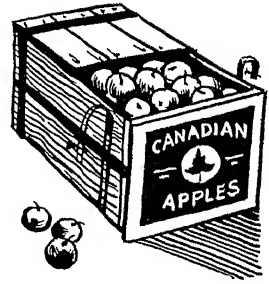
Jack's Grandad has an orchard in which he grows apples and pears, plums and cherries.

When they are ripe, the plums and the cherries go to a jam-factory in the city. Little Jack helps to pick them, but the apples are too high for him to reach.

KINGS OF THE FOREST

The apples are picked carefully one by one, so as not to be damaged in any way. Then they are sold to a man who packs them in boxes, and ships them overseas.

When next you eat a Canadian apple, just say to yourself that it may have been grown in Jack's Grandad's orchard in Vancouver. And perhaps the newsprint for the papers you and your parents read may have been made from one of Big Jack's trees.

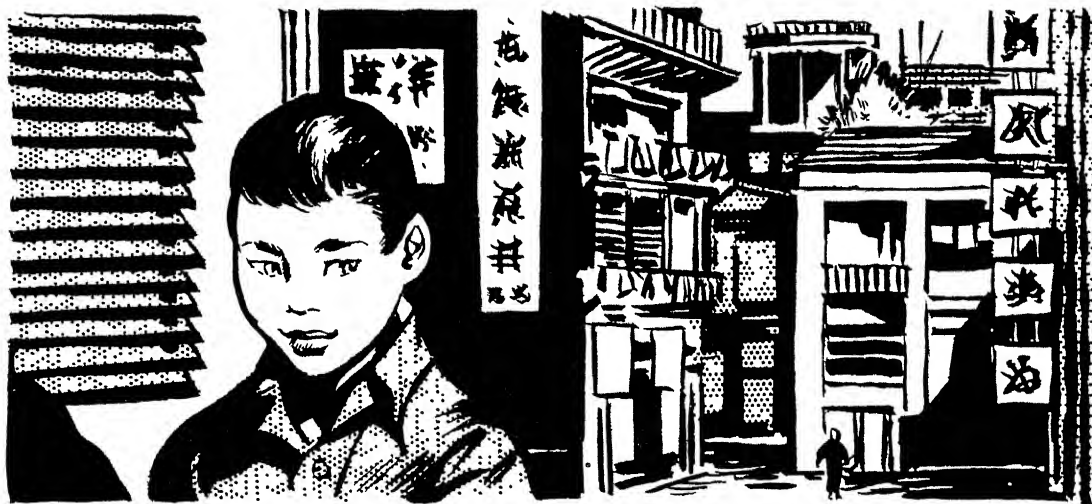


THINGS TO DO

1. Get as many pictures as you can of British Columbia, Vancouver city, and 'lumbermen.'
2. By looking at grocers' shop-windows, try to find out something which comes to this country from the Fraser river or some other part of British Columbia.

PART TWO

CHILDREN OF THE HOT LANDS



6. "ALL-BELOVED" AT HOME

Here is a little Chinese boy. His name in English, means "All-Beloved." We are going to visit his home.

From Canada we must cross the Pacific Ocean to reach the great land of China.

We get on board ship at Vancouver, and sail to Hong Kong, an island near the coast of South China.



Camera Press

China is a very large country indeed.

In recent years it has become a very busy country with new factories, hydro - electric power stations, railways and airlines.

The picture above shows a great dam, part of a hydro-electric scheme, with the people who have gathered there for the opening ceremony.

We shall see many things in China that we see in Europe, but also many things that are strange to us.



Hulton Picture Library

China is such a very large country that there are all sorts of climate in it. To the north, it is so cold in winter that the rivers freeze, while in the south, it is always moist and warm. In Hong Kong it is often very warm.

Hong Kong is a rocky island facing the mouth of the Canton river.

Many of the streets in Victoria, the capital of Hong Kong, are too narrow and steep for motor-cars.

In the more level parts motor-cars, rickshas, and trishaws are

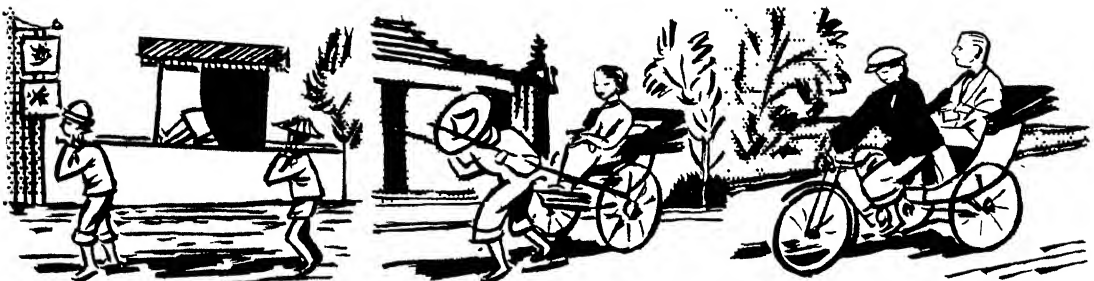
*Notice the rocky
hill at the end of
the street*



Hulton Picture Library

used. A ricksha is a light carriage which is drawn by a man running between the shafts in front of it. A trishaw is rather like a tricycle.

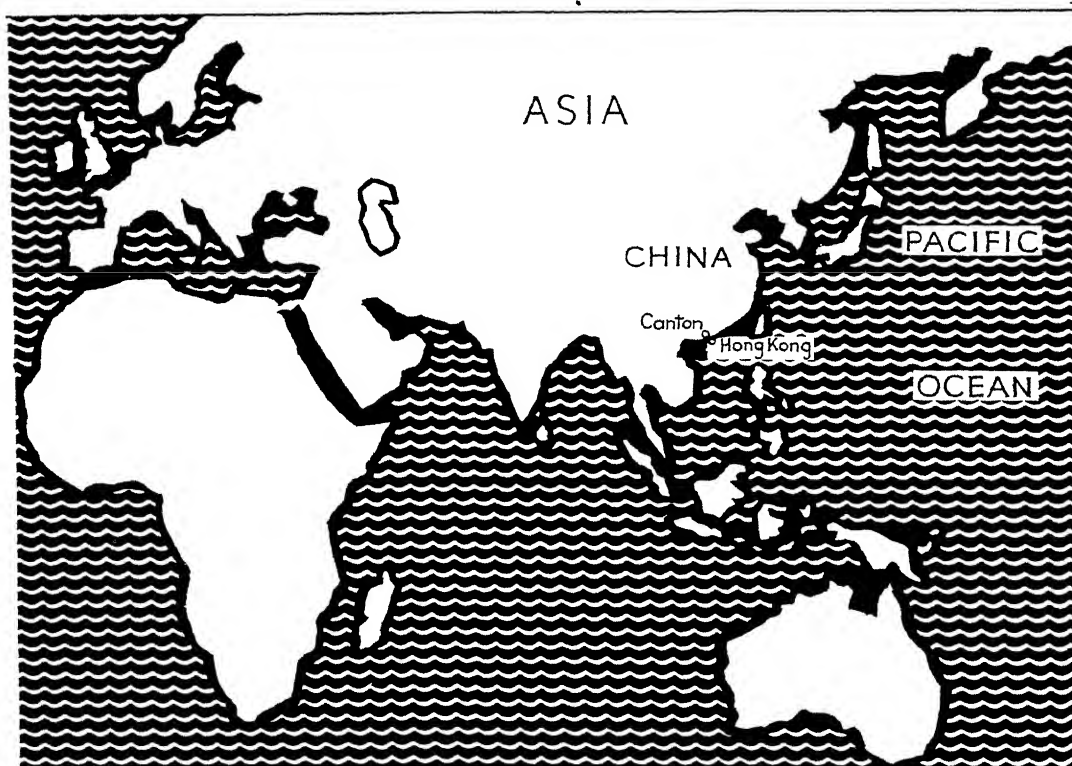
Many of the shops have slips of wood hanging in front of them. On these the name of the owner is painted in queer Chinese letters.



Soon we leave Hong Kong and cross the narrow strait to the mainland.

We sail up the Canton river to the city of Canton where All-Beloved lives.

The river flows through the city, and it is crowded with Chinese 'junks' and 'sampans.' The junks are big boats with coloured sails—big enough to go to sea. The sampans are flat-bottomed boats,





usually moved by means of an oar, but sometimes having a sail. Some sampans are roofed over and people live in them.

Each boat has an eye painted on it, so that, as the Chinese will tell you, it may see where it is going.

When we land at Canton, we get into a ricksha. The streets are so crowded we can hardly get along.



At last we come to a high wall and a door. When the door is opened, we pass into a lovely little garden. It has a fish pond and a number of little trees. In the pond bright goldfish dart to and fro.

The garden belongs to All-Beloved's father, Mr Sen. Mr Sen is very glad to see us. He bows many times, for the Chinese are very polite.

Mrs Sen is glad to see us, too. She is a pretty little lady with black almond-shaped eyes.

Tea is served without milk or sugar. It is a special kind of tea grown in China.





All-Beloved goes to school every day. He did not learn to write with a pen, but with a paint brush. That was the old Chinese way of writing; nowadays he uses pens and pencils.



Hulton Picture Library

Chinese writing is very difficult. All-Beloved must learn nearly ten-thousand characters. Some of them are like little pictures.

All-Beloved's favourite game is kite-flying. He has many kites. They are all shapes and sizes. Some are like fish, some like animals, and others are like birds.

All Chinese are fond of fireworks. When there is a festival or a birthday you can hear the bang of many crackers.



THINGS TO DO

1. Get as many pictures as you can of China and its people.
2. Make a drawing of a ricksha, *or* a sedan-chair, *or* a sampan.



7. IN THE PLAINS OF INDIA

Ranee¹ is eight years old. She has a brown skin, dark, pretty eyes, and a gentle voice.

Over her head, and wound round her body is a sort of shawl, which she calls her 'sari.'² It is woven of bright colours and looks very gay. On her legs and arms she wears anklets and armlets.

Ranee's little brother is named Pelaj,³ which means Peter. He is only two, and wears hardly any clothes. But round his neck he wears a charm to bring him good luck.

¹ Ran-ee.

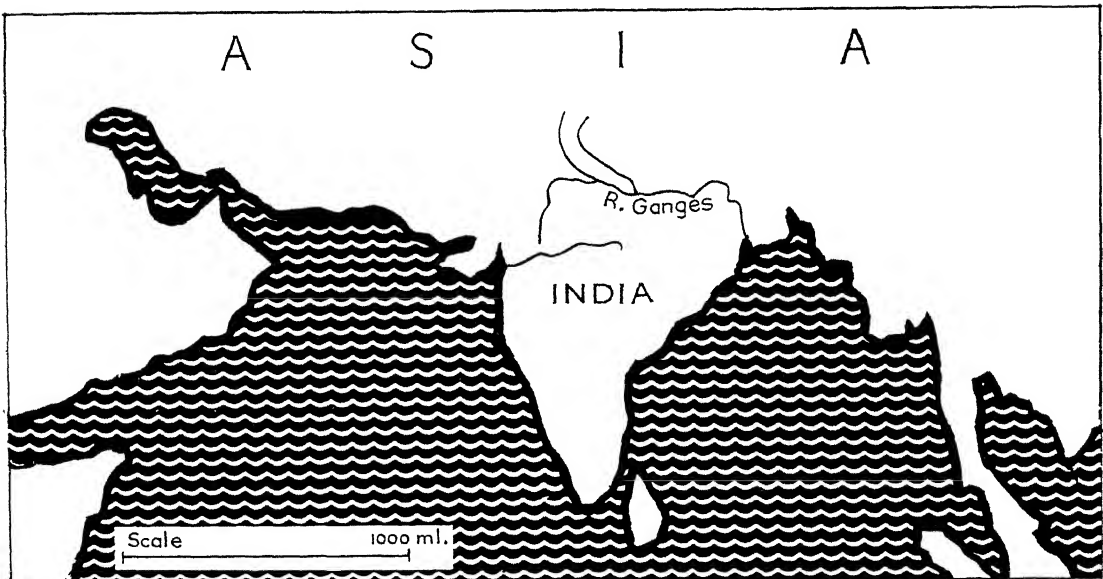
² sar-e.

³ Pe-ladge.

Ranee and Pelaj live in India, a very large country, with high mountains, far-stretching plains, and great rivers.

Many wild animals are found in India, including tigers, and crocodiles and dangerous snakes are common.

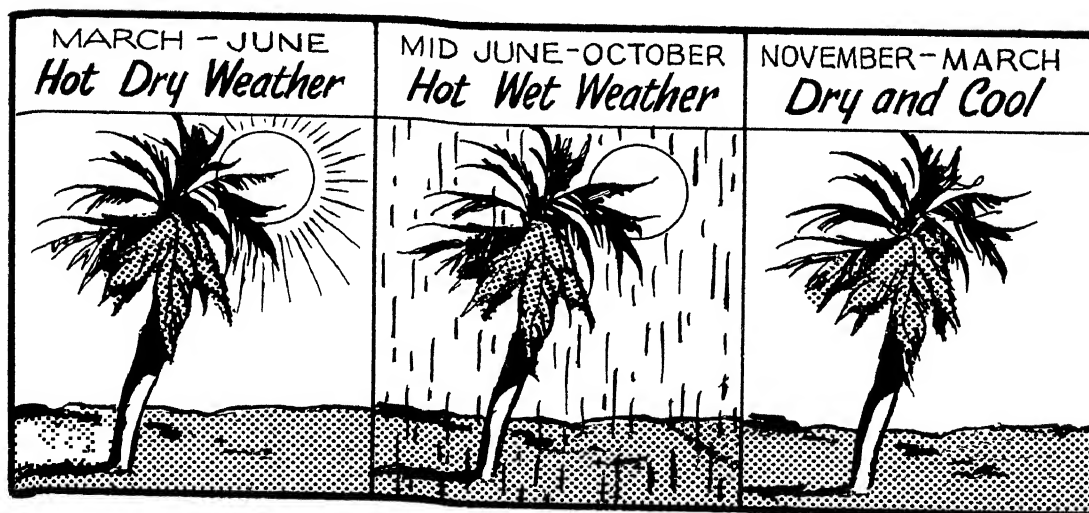
There are large and busy towns, where goods such as cotton, iron and steel, and chemicals are made, but most Indians live in villages, as Ranee and Pelaj do.

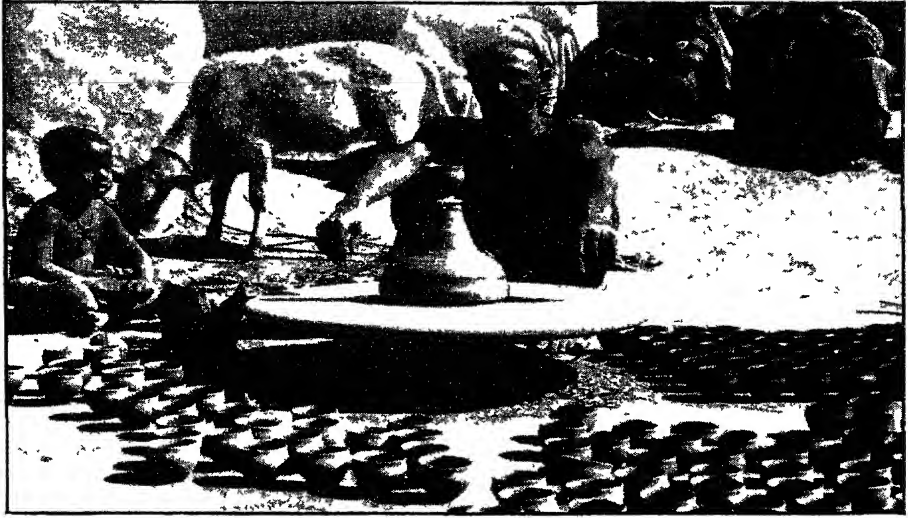


In hot lands, such as India, there are certain times of the year when it is quite sure to be fine, and other times when it is as sure to rain.

India has three seasons in the year, not four as we have.

In the 'hot weather season,' from March to June, it is hot and dry. The land becomes parched, rivers dry up, and both man and beast long for rain. The 'rainy season,' when it is very hot, and also very wet for most of the time, is from mid-June to October. The 'cool season,' when it is dry and cool, and very pleasant, is from November to March.





E.N.A.

Let us pay a visit in the hot weather season to the village in North India, near the great river Ganges, where Rane and Pelaj live.

As we walk through the village street, we see the children's father at work. He is a potter. He sits in front of his wheel, which he turns with a stick. In a hollow in the middle of the wheel rests a lump of wet clay, and, as the wheel turns, he moulds the clay with his hands into a cooking-bowl or dish.

It is too hot in India to wear many clothes. The potter wears only a loincloth and a turban.



Ranee is very kind to her little brother, and looks after him all day long.

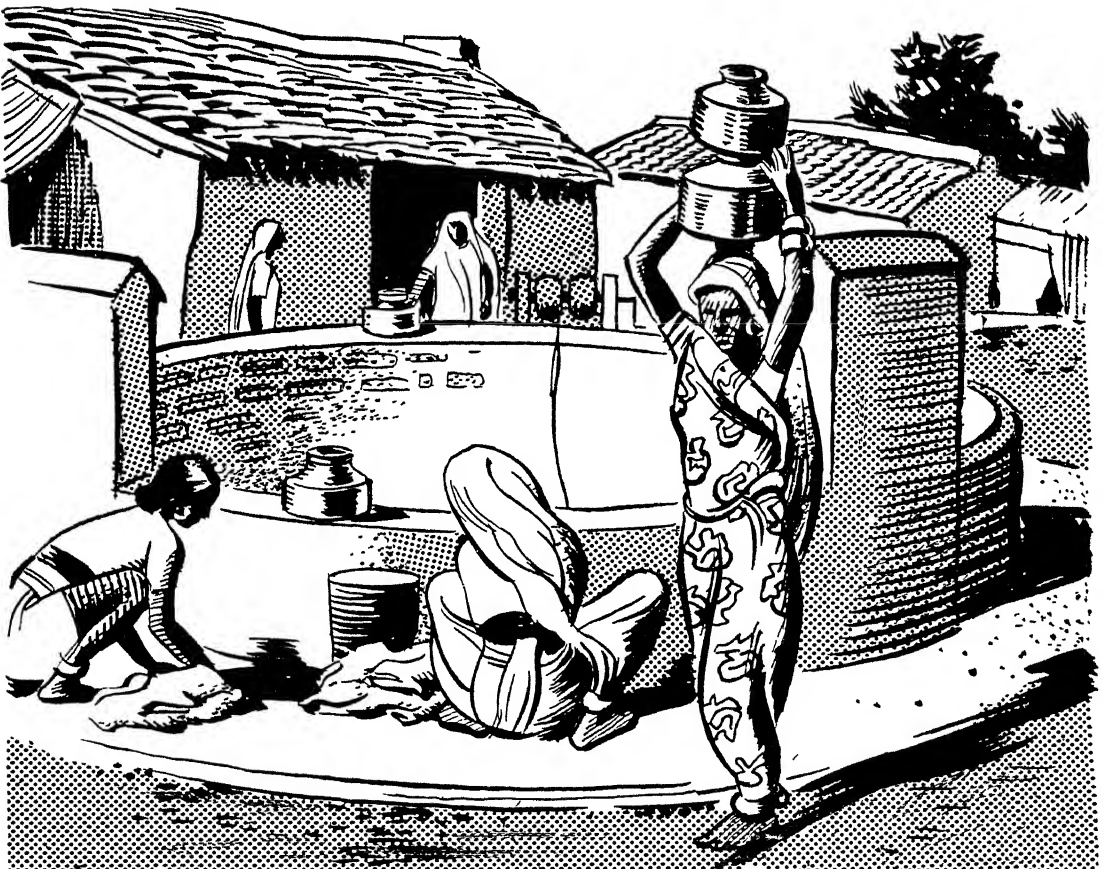
They play for a time near the hut in which they live.

Then they wander off down the street. They pass by the tailors sitting cross-legged at their work. They stop to watch the silversmith, who is making bangles.

‘Bangle’ is our way of saying an Indian word; we learnt the name from the Indians.

They walk past the tanks in which water is stored. These are empty now, and everyone is praying for rain.

At last they come to the village well, which is not yet dry. It is fed by a spring far below. Many women and girls are drawing water. They carry their water-pots on their heads or shoulders.





When the children get back home, the evening meal is cooked—rice and vegetables, and hot, spiced curry. Mother sets the food on a brass tray on the ground. They have green leaves for plates, and they eat with their fingers.

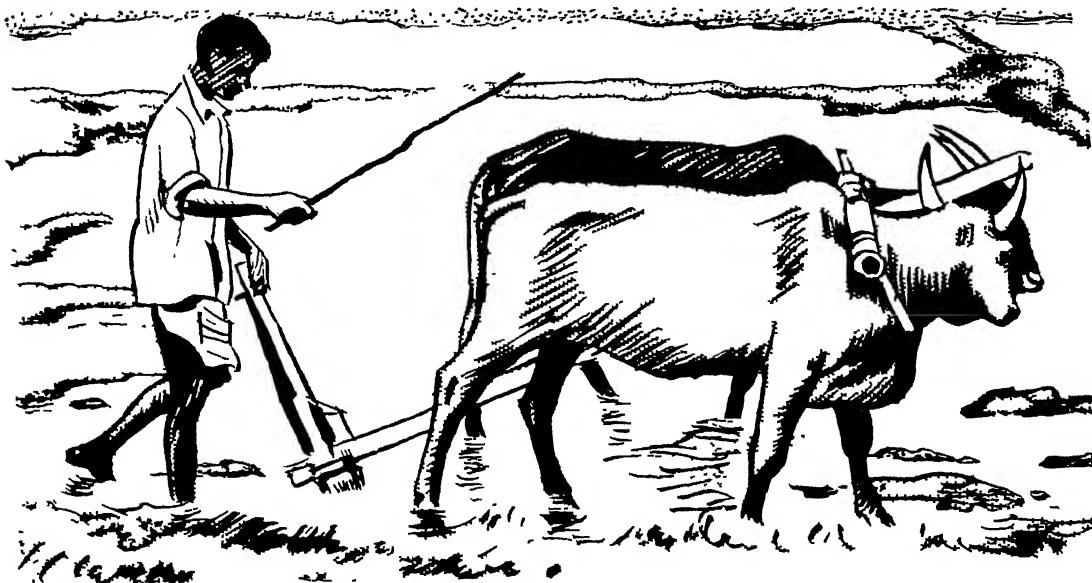
The beds for grown-up people are low, bamboo frames on which tapes have been stretched. The children sleep on mats on the floor.

The night is very hot. Far away they can hear the cry of a wild beast. Then, all at once, there is a burst of thunder, and the swish of water. The rain has come!

The wind which brings the rain is called the monsoon. It blows for about four months.

It is during the monsoon that the 'paddy fields' (the fields in which rice is grown) are ploughed by water buffaloes, animals that can walk through the softest mud. Rice is sown, and then the rice seedlings are planted out again, still in the flooded fields. Rice is a thirsty crop, and grows best at first under water.

Rice is a very important food in India, as wheat is in Britain.





8. A BOY OF BOLIVIA

Pedro is the son of a mule-driver in Bolivia, an inland country in South America partly on the eastern slopes of the Andes.

Pedro and his father are Indians, but they speak Spanish. Men from Spain came here four hundred years ago in search of gold and silver, and to-day the chief language of the country is Spanish, though many Indians speak languages of their own.

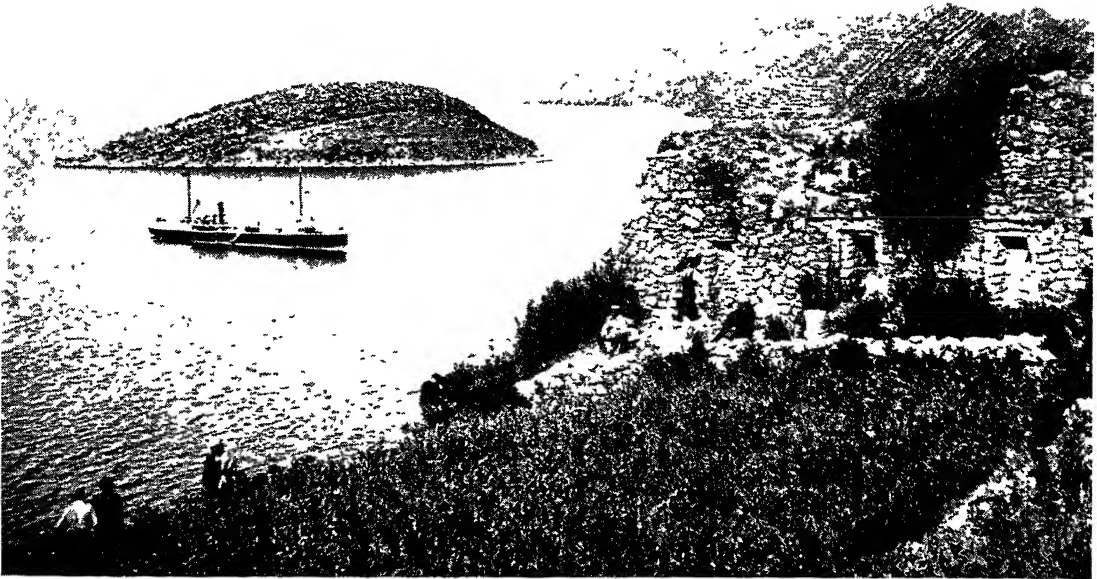
*This map of South America shows that
Bolivia has no sea coast.*



The Andes in South America are like the Rockies in North America, a snow-capped chain of mountains running along the west side from north to south.

Railways have been cut through the Andes, and trains make their way from the coast, by deep valleys, and up the steep sides of the mountains.

There is more than one railway to Bolivia. We go by a line which takes us up from the coast to the shores of a great lake.



E N A.

Here we step out of the train, and find, as we walk about, that it is hard to breathe.

This is because we are now so high up that the air is light and thin. Some of the people from the train have what is called 'mountain sickness' but this will soon pass off.

We sail by steamer to the other end of the lake. This trip takes us a day and a night. Afterwards we get into another train, and travel to La Paz,¹ the chief city of Bolivia.

¹ La-Pas.



E N A.

Bolivia lies in one of the hot belts of the earth, and in the low-lying parts of the country, the weather is very hot indeed, but here in the mountains it is so high up that the air is very cold.

That is why the Indians, both men and women, wrap themselves in 'ponchos,' or blankets, which are made from the wool of the llama.



E N A.

The llama is an animal like a camel without a hump.

In many parts of the mountains of Bolivia people and goods are moved from place to place by llamas, mules, or donkeys — sure-footed animals that can make their way by dangerous mountain paths.

Pedro's father, José, owns a number of mules, and he offers to take us to see a tin mine high up in the mountains.

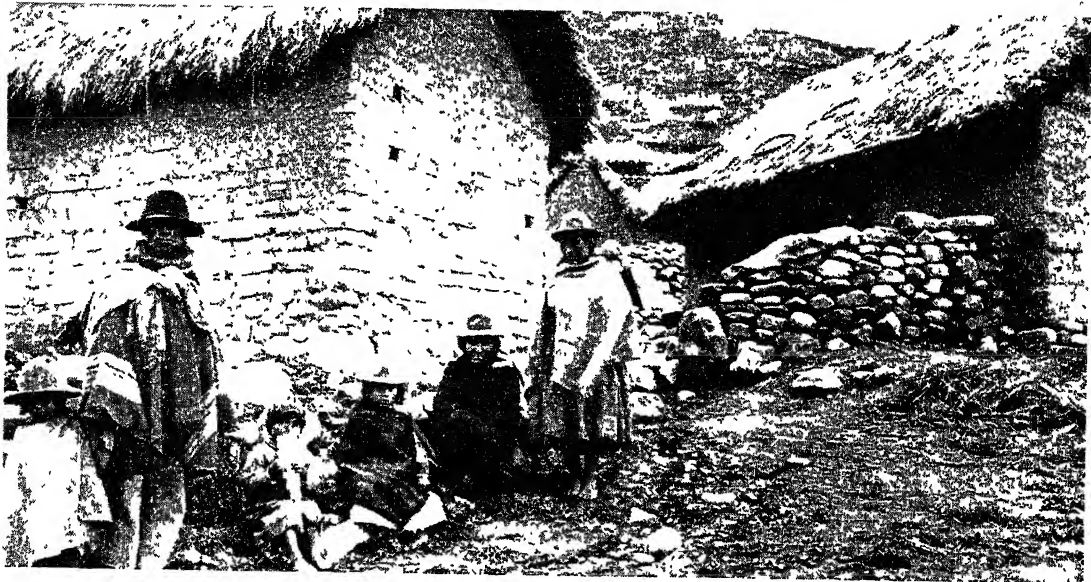
Next morning we set out with José and Pedro. We have to drive in a small wagon, drawn by three mules. Our baggage is strapped on the backs of other mules.

As we jolt on our way, our bones ache, for the path is very rough.

Sometimes we go round the face of a mountain. The track is very narrow, and on one side of us is a deep valley. If one of the mules were to miss his footing, we should be hurled to the bottom. Often the mules grunt, as if in disgust, but on they go.



FNA



EN.A.

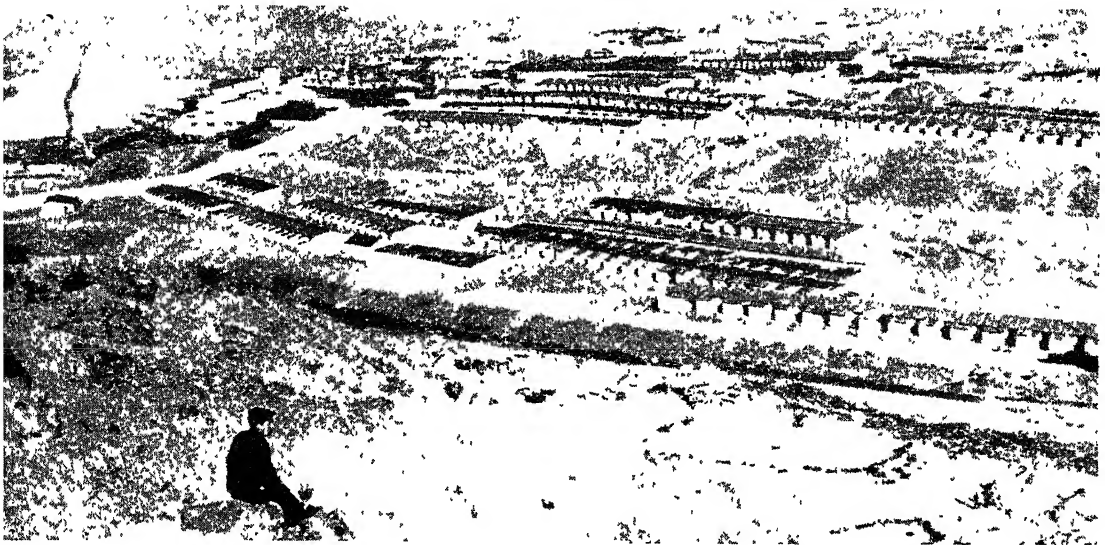
Sometimes we stop for the night at a wayside inn. It is just a poor hut made of mud-bricks, and is very cold. There are no trees in this part of Bolivia, and wood is very scarce.

Perhaps we have for supper, a bowl of 'Chuno,'¹ a kind of soup made from potatoes; or we may have some porridge made from a strange kind of grain.

Then Pedro unrolls our blankets, and we sleep on the floor.

In this way, after many days' riding, we arrive at the mine.

¹ **Chun-yo** (yo as in yon).



E.N.A.

We see the scarred face of a mountain, a heap of red shale, and a number of small houses.

The mine is shut in by hills on every side. On their slopes feed herds of llamas, which belong to the mine, and have work to do.

When the tin ore is washed, and ready for smelting, it is put into bags, two of which are strapped on each animal's back by cords of plaited wool.

When all is ready, the herd moves off, followed by a herdsman, who guides the llamas by throwing small stones at the leading animals from a sling.



Ewing Galloway

A llama pack travels very slowly, but in due time it arrives at a railway station, and a train carries the ore away, some of it to go to other parts of the world.

Bolivia has rich stores of tin, gold, silver, copper, and other metals, and many Bolivians make their living by mining these.

THINGS TO DO

1. Get as many pictures as you can of Bolivia and its people.
2. Make a drawing of a llama.



9. ON THE BANKS OF THE NIGER

Little Atyana¹ is an African boy. His name means 'Moon-child,' and his home is in Nigeria near the Niger, a mighty river which flows through West Africa to the Atlantic Ocean.

This part of the world is very hot. When a white man goes there, he feels as if he were in a hot-house. But most of the people of Africa belong to the Negro race. Their skin is black, and they do not feel the heat as we do.

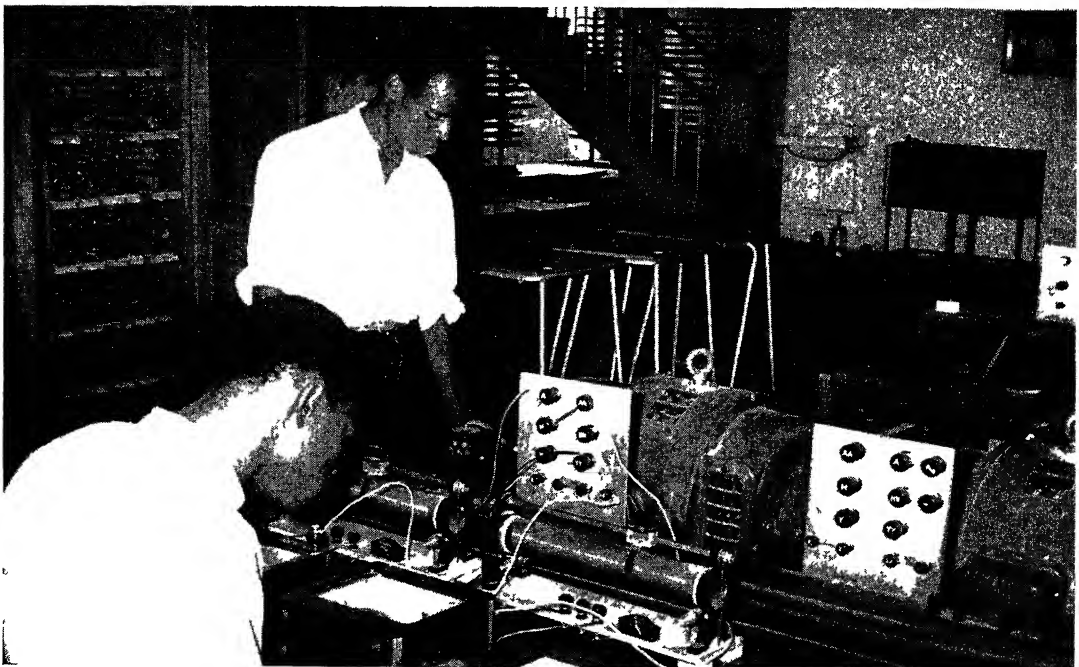
¹ At-ya-na.

THE WORLD'S CHILDREN

The picture shows engineering students at work in a Nigerian college.

Nigeria, like most other parts of the world, is giving up its simple ways and becoming modern. Nigerians, including many who have studied at her colleges, are building roads and bridges and aerodromes, and dams and power stations.

But, in spite of this progress, Nigeria is still a country where most of the people live in hut villages and grow crops as Atyana's father does.





Courtesy Shell Photographic Unit

Let us sail up the river to Atyana's home.

At the mouth of the river is a region of swamp covered by a dense mass of tangled trees and plants.

Then we come to palm trees like those in the picture.

And then we come to the mighty forests.

In the swamps and forests it is very hot all the year round and the rainfall is very heavy.



Courtesy United Africa Company

On the wide river we see boats pushing barges loaded with goods. Nigeria sends to other lands oil obtained from palm trees.

The oil palm has many nuts (or kernels) growing close together to form large 'heads.'

Oil is obtained from these kernels by pounding or crushing them.

The picture opposite shows Nigerians getting oil from palm kernels.

Some of the oil they may use in preparing food for themselves; the rest they will probably take to the river. It will then be sent downstream to the coast, and exported, perhaps to Britain.

Britain imports both palm oil and palm kernels. The oil, which is solid in cooler weather is used in making such things as soap and margarine.



Courtesy Unilever Film Section



Courtesy Unilever Film Section

As we sail upstream past the mighty forests, we may catch a glimpse of a scene such as that in the picture.

The men are cutting down one of the very large forest trees.

The timber from forests in hot lands such as this part of Nigeria is 'hard wood'; the Canadian timber we read about earlier is 'soft wood.'



Courtesy Shell Photographic Unit

We finish our journey in a
'dug-out.'

This is a boat made from a single tree. In the middle of the trunk a hollow has been burnt out, and in this we sit.

We also see dug-outs trading between villages on the banks, and yams (vegetables whose root is eaten), pottery, and other goods lying in heaps ready to be loaded into the dug-outs.

Beyond the forest, we come to the broad grassland where Atyana lives.

Atyana's father is a farmer. On his rich soil he grows double crops. In the cooler months he sows millet and maize. These ripen early, and by the time they have been reaped and stored away, other crops are ready for harvest.

By-and-by we come to the 'compound,' or farmyard, which has a mud wall round it. There is only



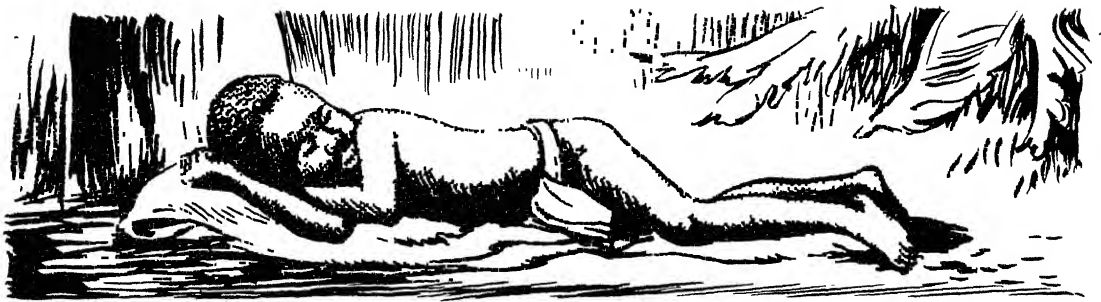
From Collections of the Imperial Institute



one gate, which is closed at night to keep out wild beasts.

Inside the compound, there is a hut for Atyana's father, another for his mother, a third for his big brother, and so on. There are also many huts for the cattle.

One of the huts is set apart for us. It is very dark inside, but that helps to keep it cool.



Next morning the family get up early. Atyana plays in the sand outside the door till midday. Then all the people in the compound, and even the dogs and other animals, creep into a shady corner, and fall fast asleep.

About four o'clock they wake, and Atyana's mother, with the baby boy of the family on her back, begins to prepare supper. This is the chief meal of the day in West Africa.

Atyana's sister, Akoon,¹ gathers sticks for the fire. These are laid on two flat stones on the ground, and soon there is a merry blaze.

¹ A-koon.

On the fire yams are boiled. The boiled yams are then pounded with a long stick. Atyana helps to pound. A pot of soup, which they call 'foo-foo,' is also cooked. It is made of herbs and fish, with lots of red pepper.

Soon the farmer and his sons come home, and all seat themselves on the ground in a ring round the pot of 'foo-foo.'



THINGS TO DO

1. Get as many pictures as you can of West Africa, its people, and its animals.



10. PITA¹ OF NEW GUINEA

Pita lives right on the other side of the world from us. His home is in the eastern part of New Guinea, a very large and beautiful island lying north of Australia.

Because our world is round, and not flat, the sun cannot shine on every part of it at the same time. When it is day in our country, it is night on the other side of the globe, and when it is dark here, it is light there.

¹ Pee-ta.

PITA OF NEW GUINEA

*Show where Pita lives, and
also where Billy lives.*



New Guinea lies in the hottest part of the earth, in the Tropics. Much rain falls at times, and this makes the air heavy, so that no one feels eager to work. Near the coast sea breezes cool the air a little.

The picture shows part of the chief town in New Guinea.

E N.A.



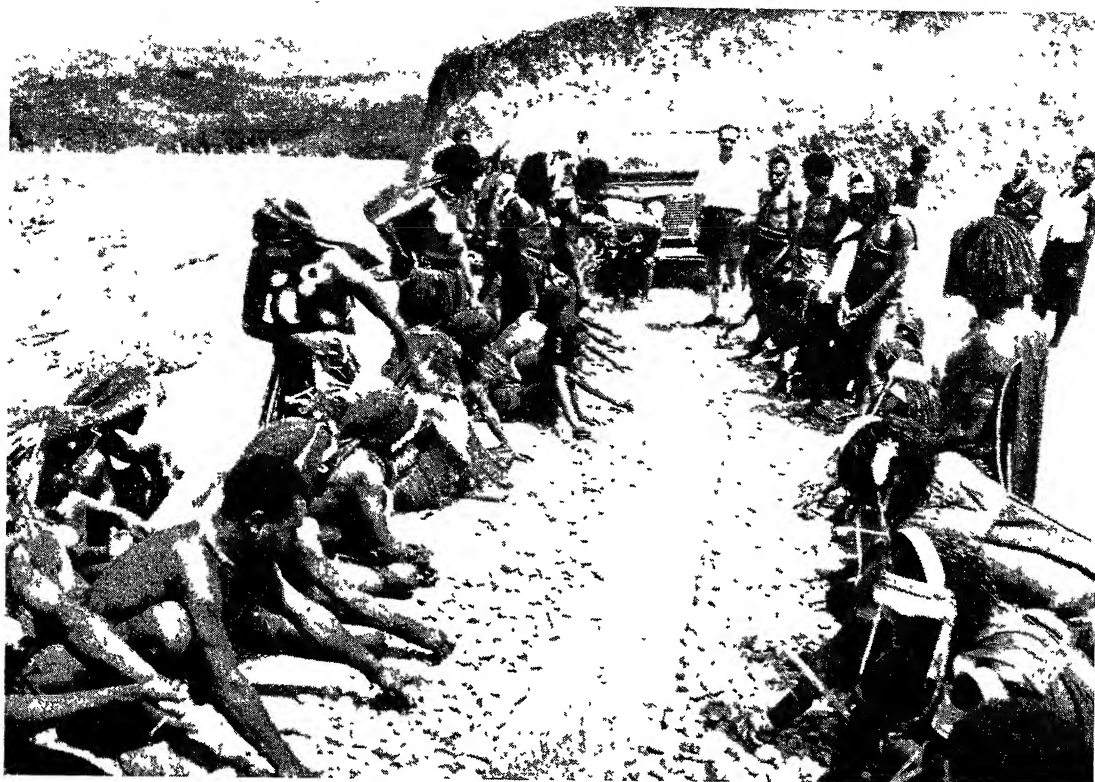
In parts of New Guinea there are mountains, some peaks being so high that they are capped with snow. From these peaks great rivers rush down the valleys to the sea.

In the mountains it is very difficult to travel about, and aeroplanes and helicopters are used to drop supplies of food and for other purposes. The one in the picture is carrying timber.

Airfields are very small, and flying is dangerous.

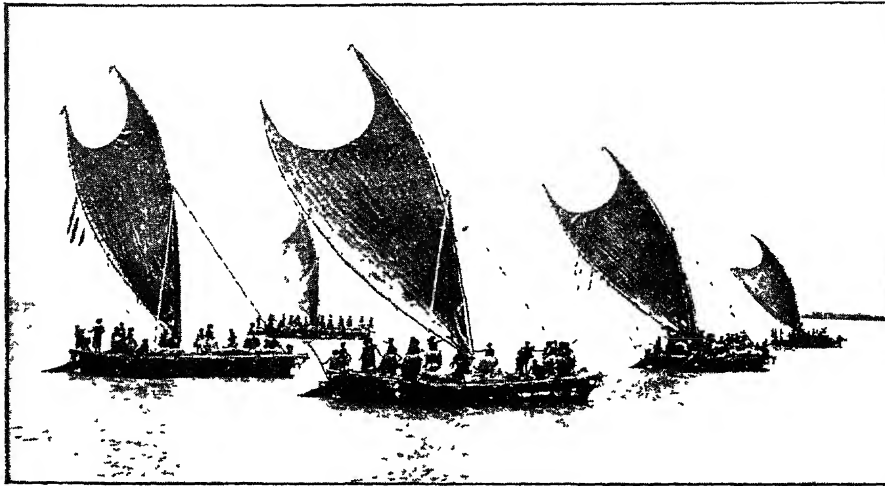


Courtesy British Petroleum Co. Ltd.

*Courtesy Australian News and Information Bureau*

Now roads are being made, but this too is difficult. The people in the picture have come from their village to make a road with stones from river beds

On the lower slopes, forests of cedar, coconut palms, and rubber plants are found. Between the trees flit brightly-coloured birds—parrots, cockatoos, birds of paradise.



E N A.

The native forms his canoe from the trunk of a large cedar tree.

Sometimes three or more canoes are tied together to form one wide boat. This boat has large sails shaped like crabs' claws.

A platform is built across the boat, so that there is more space for the cargo. This may be earthenware pots which they sell for sago, as they trade along the coast.

Sago is a food made from the pith of the sago palm. The men in the picture on the opposite page have cut up and split the trunk, or stem, of a palm and taken out the pith.



E.N.A.

One of Pita's uncles goes out in his boat to fish for mother-of-pearl shells, which he sells for a good price. Pita and his friends go shell-fishing at the edge of the sea.



E.N.A.



Another of his uncles works at a place where coconuts are grown. When the nuts are ripe, the workers have to force open the shells by striking them on a sharp spike. The kernels are then broken into pieces, and dried in the sun.

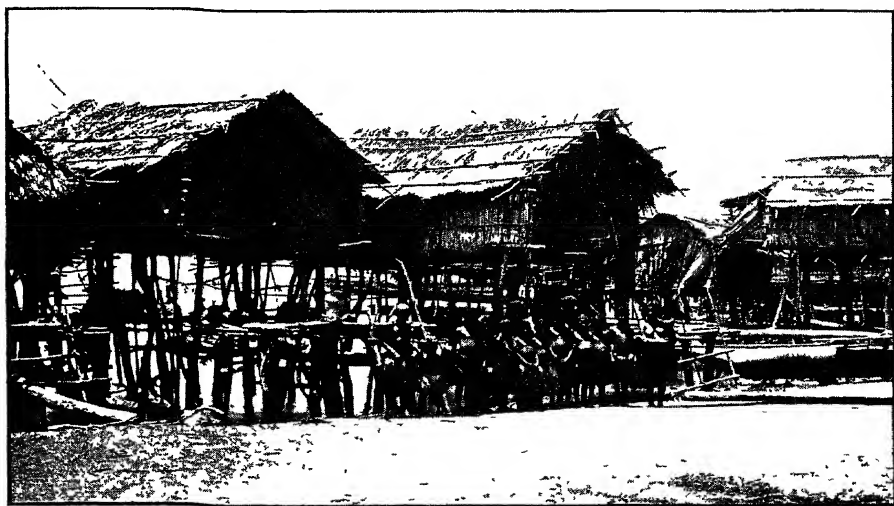
The dried coconut, which is called copra, is put into bags to be shipped away, in order that a kind of oil may be got from it.

This coconut oil is used both for cooking and for making margarine. Most of the copra from New Guinea goes to Australia to be used in one of these ways.

Some of the trees which grow in the forests of New Guinea are very tall, and the trunks of these trees are used as posts on which to build houses.

Some of the people build their houses right up in the trees, so that they look like big birds' nests.

The houses are built on high posts or trees, so as to be safe from enemies and floods. The roofs and walls are made of palm leaves and grass. Each house has a platform in front of it.



E.N.A.



E.N.A.

The picture shows Pita's mother and his sisters dressed for a village feast and dance.

For days they have been busy making new skirts of coconut fibre sewn on a band of palm-leaf. The fibre has been well teased, so that the skirts stick out in a lovely, swishy fringe.

All night long dancing will go on in the forest to the music of drums. The men dance in one group, and the women in another.

THINGS TO DO

1. Get as many pictures as you can of eastern New Guinea, its people, its houses, and its birds.



Based on photograph by Donald M'Lesli

II. YASEEN¹ OF THE DESERT

Yaseen is an Arab boy who lives in a village on the edge of the desert. We see him here with his friends. He is playing a tin whistle.

The little boy in the middle is not an Arab, but a Negro. He is playing his drum by wetting his fingers and rubbing them on it.

¹ Ya-seen.



E N. A

The desert on the edge of which Yaseen lives is the great Sahara¹ Desert in the north of Africa. Very, very long ago the Arabs came to the north of Africa, which was the home of the Negroes, from Arabia.

Their skin is brown, not black.

Sometimes they are spoken of as the 'people of the veil,' because both men and women wear veils, only their eyes being seen. Their veils help to protect them from the sun and from the sandstorms of the desert.

¹ Sa-ha-ra.

‘Sahara’ is an Arab word meaning ‘wilderness,’ and the desert is a great wilderness of bare rocks and sand, rising in many places to hills without grass or trees. It stretches hundreds of miles from west to east and some hundreds of miles from north to south.

It is very hot in the day time and cold at night.

The slightest wind lifts sand into the air and makes the desert ‘smoke’, and great sandstorms, such as we see in the picture (the dark cloud is sand), often arise.

The only rain falls as short thunderstorms, and the ground dries up again at once.





People must have water to drink, and the reason why people are able to live in the desert is that in places (often far apart) underground water is found.

Where the water can be had, wells have been made, and a green island, or oasis, has grown up. Sometimes an oasis is large and people have made a town and settled there. Sometimes it is too small to be more than a halting-place for travellers across the desert.

The trees in the picture are date-palms. The date is the chief food of the Arab and has been called the 'bread of the desert.'

The work of an oasis is often done by Negroes, who tend the date-palms, and sometimes grow tomatoes or onions in their little fields.

There are many Arabs who live in towns, but others like Yaseen's people live in tents, and travel from place to place in the desert. They ride on camel back.



E.N.A.

The camel has been called the 'ship of the desert.' His broad feet do not sink in the sand, and he can go a long way without water.

A group of camels and their riders is called a caravan.

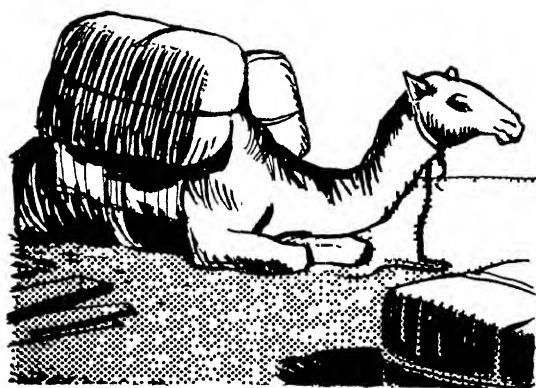
Caravans move from oasis to oasis, and halts are made and tents are pitched, when possible, at these green spots.

Little Yaseen was born in a tent. His Arab father and mother were very proud of their man-child, and many eggs were broken to bring him good luck.

One egg was broken for each ear and each eye, each hand and each foot. An onion was also rubbed in his eyes to make him cry; for the Arabs think it is unlucky for a baby not to shed tears.

Yaseen was not many weeks old when he set out on his travels.

The tents were folded, and, along with the beds, rugs, clothes, and cooking-pots, were put up in bales, and tied on the backs of two kneeling camels.



Yaseen and his mother rode on a third camel, which had a little hood over it to keep off the sun.

In front of the caravan rode Yaseen's father.



When the caravan halted and tents had been pitched on the sand, a fire would be lit and Yaseen's mother would grind meal between two stones and bake a cake.

Water was drunk from a skin bottle which Yaseen's father had brought with them. Yaseen had a drink of goats' milk as well.

Next day they would go on again. By-and-by they would come to an oasis, and here they might stay for some weeks.



E.N.A.

Yaseen's father is a trader, but nowadays goods are often carried across the desert by bus or aeroplane rather than by camel caravan.



E.N.A.





Yaseen has led this wandering life year after year. He is no longer a baby.

He has learned to read and write. He plays many games with date-stones, just as you play with marbles.

In the picture you see him at school.

He has been taught not to drink wine, and always to be kind to strangers; and three times a day, no matter where he may be, he spreads his little mat on the sand, and says his prayers.

THINGS TO DO

1. ~~Get~~ all the pictures you can of the Sahara Desert, Arabs, an oasis, date-palms, and camels.
2. Make a drawing of a camel.

PART THREE

A CHILD OF THE COLD LANDS



12. SANDRA OF THE SNOWS

Sandra means Alexander. Sandra's home is in Lapland, in the far north of Europe. For most of the year Lapland is snow-bound and ice-bound.

The children learn to ski almost as soon as they can walk.

During the winter months there is little daylight in Lapland, and for part of that time the sun is not seen at all.

After winter, comes a short summer. Snow gradually melts and ice breaks up, and sweet flowers bloom.

In summer the days grow longer and longer, till, in June and July, in the farthest north the sun never sets, but shines the whole night through.





Lapps, as a rule, are little people, but very hardy and strong, brave and cheerful.

In winter they build log or stone huts, warmly roofed with sods. They have no windows, for those would let in the cold, so lamps are burned all day long.

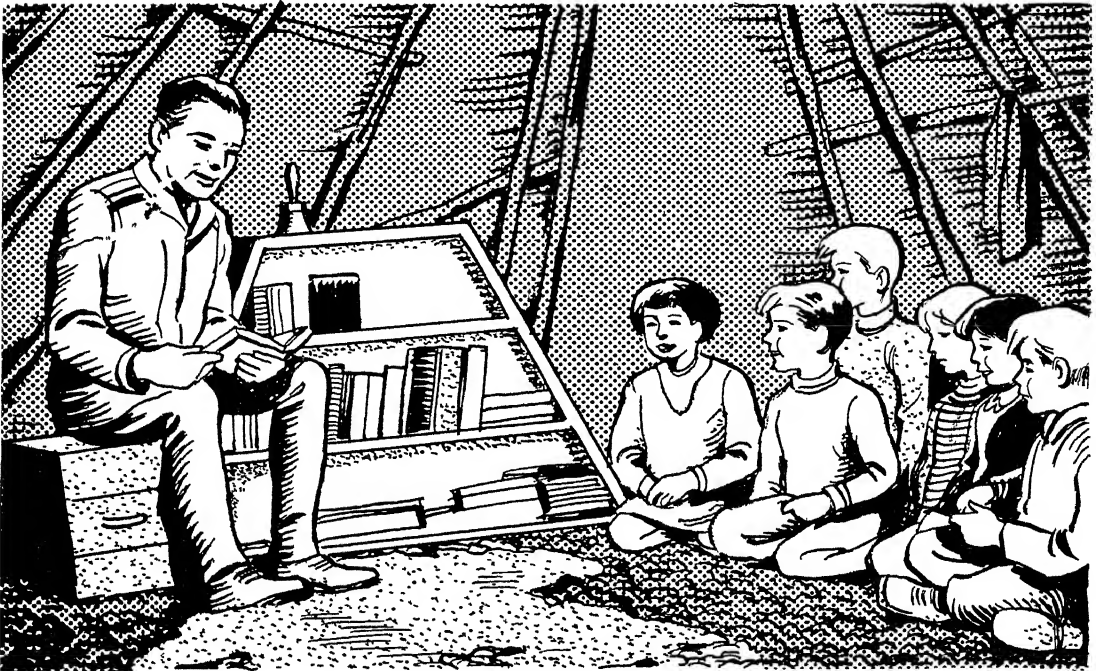
Some Lapps live in tents all through the winter, but in that case they plaster the skins with mud to keep out the cold.

The winter huts are often close together, forming little camps.

In some places winter boarding-schools have been built for the Lapp children.

In summer Lapp children with their parents move to find new feeding-grounds for the reindeer, and then schools are held in tents.

In the part of Lapland where, Sandra lives, reindeer are very important. One or more reindeer draw the sledges. They give milk, their flesh is the chief food, and from their skins warm outer coats, leggings, and gloves are made. Without reindeer clothing Lapps could not face the winter cold.





Courtesy Swedish Institute for Cultural Relations

A Lapp's riches are counted, not in money, but in reindeer.

When a reindeer 'calf' is born, its ears are marked in a certain way to show to which herd it belongs.

Sandra has a reindeer of his very own with his own mark on its ear. It was born while the family were travelling, and Sandra made a bed for it on a sledge and looked after it.

The reindeer's chief food is a kind of moss. When he is hungry he paws at the snow with his forefeet till he reaches the moss.

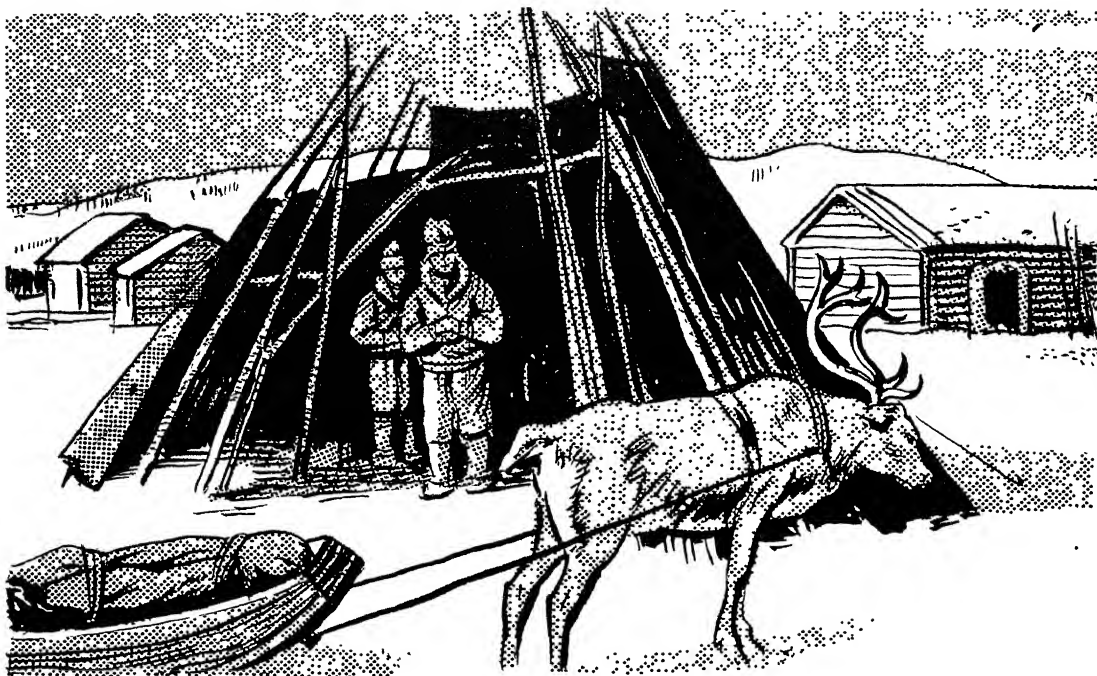
Here we see Sandra and his family on the move.

They are passing through a village where some of the Lapps, having given up the wandering life, have settled down to a life more like our own.

Spring has come and the family are on the way to the summer feeding-grounds of the reindeer.

The reindeer have bells on their harness which jingle gaily.





In this picture we see that the family have stopped for the night and are quickly putting up their strong tent.

Lapp tents are bell-shaped, and are built of long poles or branches of birch trees meeting at the top, with skins or strips of coarse cloth drawn round them. The tent door has a flap which can be raised or let down, as needed.

The fire is in the middle of the floor, and the smoke gets out by a hole at the top.

Let us visit Sandra and his family in their summer home. Sandra's father and mother are called Vask and Anna.

All the family are dressed in very bright colours. All Lapps love bright colours, perhaps because their country is so cold and white.

The family welcome us kindly.





Then Anna takes a big pot to the door, and fills it with snow. This she hangs over the fire.

Soon the snow-water boils, and we have a nice cup of coffee. We drink it out of cups made from bark of the birch tree.

In the coffee are pieces of cheese made from reindeer milk, and Anna hands round a birchwood bowl filled with Lapp bread, made from flour and water without yeast.

All this time the baby-girl has been asleep in her Lapp cradle. This is made of wood covered with leather, and is lined with soft moss. The cradle is slung to one of the cross bars of the tent, and every now and then one of the family gives it a swing.



The baby goes everywhere in her cradle, and, when the family is on the march, the father, Vask, may carry it on his shoulder.

Think of the many different ways the world's babies travel around. Can you remember Atyana's baby brother, and Yaseen when he was little ?



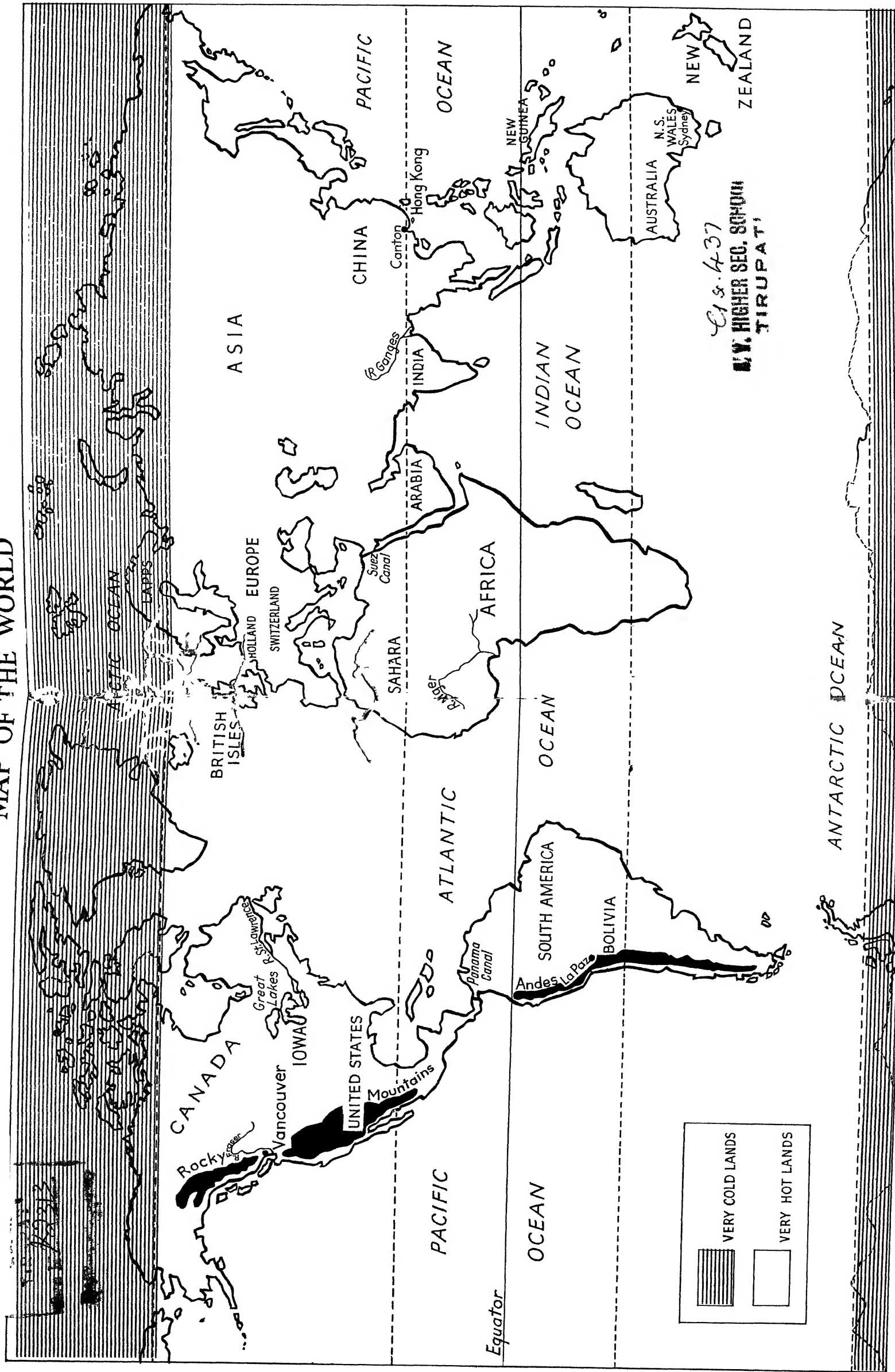
A life such as Sandra's family live is very hard, and many Lapps today are giving it up and settling in villages.

But Sandra loves it still. Do you think you would like to live with him in his land of snow and ice?

THINGS TO DO

1. Get all the pictures you can of Lapps, a Lapp tent, a Lapp cradle, a Lapp sledge, Lapp dogs, and reindeer.
2. Tell about some of the houses people make in very hot countries.
3. The boys in the picture are playing 'Reindeer and Herdsmen.' Say what the 'herdsman' is trying to do.

MAP OF THE WORLD



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